Saturday Review

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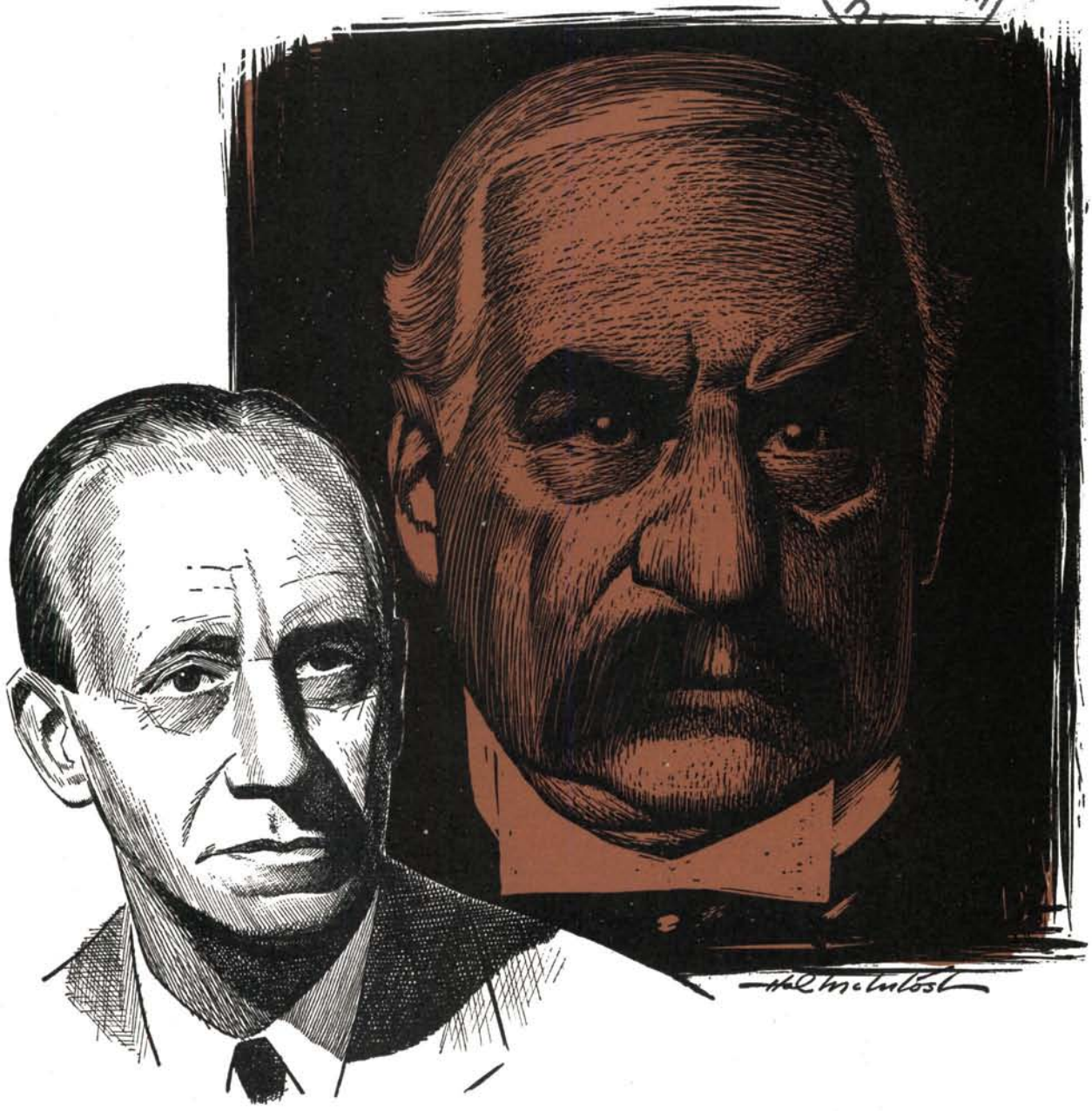

Frederick Lewis Allen, author of "The Great Pierpont Morgan." *(See page 9)*

Grim Fairy Tales

By REX STOUT

Workouts for Writers

By HERSCHEL BRICKELL

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April 2, 1949

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TRADE Winds

"THE CUSTOMERS ALWAYS WRITE"

FROM ELLIOTT GRAHAM, publicity director of E. P. Dutton & Company:

Everyone knows that the peace treaty ending the War of 1812 had already been signed when the Battle of New Orleans was won by General Jackson and his troops. Perry's victory on Lake Erie, and the immortal words of Commodore Lawrence, "Don't give up the ship," are also part of our patriotic tradition. But here are some facts that will be less familiar to *SRL* readers. I have taken them from Francis F. Beirne's recently-published "The War of 1812."

It was a comparatively inexpensive war for the United States. It lasted for two and a half years, and the bill came to $80,500,000. (World War II cost the United States 330 *billions*.) . . .

The killed and wounded in the War of 1812 numbered slightly more than 5,000, or a third as many as the Union Army lost in the Battle of Fredericksburg. . . .

The Secretary of War informed the commander of his army in northern Ohio that hostilities had commenced by sending a letter through the regular mail to the postmaster in Cleveland with the request "please forward!" . . .

Although their country was at war with Great Britain, American merchants could not resist the temptation of trading with the enemy. During 1812 and 1813, Wellington's army in Spain was supplied with flour, grains, and other provisions from the United States. In a single year three-fifths of all American home products exported went direct to Spain and Portugal. At the same time droves of cattle were constantly being herded across the New England border into Canada. In 1813 the Governor-General of Canada wrote to his home government: "Two-thirds of the Army in Canada are at the moment eating beef provided by American contractors." . . .

The words of our national anthem were composed during the War of 1812 by a patriot who, at the time of the attack on Baltimore, was a visitor with the British fleet. Mr. Francis Scott Key, a resident of Georgetown, had visited the fleet under a flag of truce to arrange for the release of a prisoner—and found himself caught up in the attack on Fort McHenry, which he observed from the enemy's position. . . .

When the British entered Washington and burned the White House, President Madison took a boat at the foot of the White House grounds and crossed the Potomac to seek refuge in Virginia. The news of the burning of Washington was received by the *London Statesman* in the following manner: "Willingly would we throw a veil of oblivion over our transaction at Washington. The Cossacks spared Paris, but we spared not the capital of America." . . .

The peace treaty of the War of 1812 was signed at Ghent, and it stipulated a return to the status quo. Nobody won the war. . . .

SPEAKING OF FRANCIS SCOTT KEY and "The Star Spangled Banner," Sigmund Spaeth discloses in his "History of Popular Music in America" that Key had written another text (about Stephen Decatur) to the same tune, some years before he penned the national anthem. (And did you know it was not officially accepted as our national anthem until President Hoover signed the necessary document on March 3, 1931?)

Sigmund Spaeth adds:

Here are some other facts about popular music that may surprise readers of my history:

John Philip Sousa was the son of a Spanish trombonist named Antonio So, who added USA to his name. (He played in the Marine Band.) . . .

The tune of Yale's "Whiffenpoof Song" was written by a Harvard man, Guy Scull. Its words are based on a poem by Rudyard Kipling, "Gentlemen Rankers." . . .

The title "Pop Goes the Weasel," of English origin, refers to the habit of London hatters of pawning their accessories (or "weasels") on Saturday nights, to buy liquor. "Pop" was slang for "pawn." . . .

A piano piece by Rudolf Friml called "Chanson" became successively "Chanson d'Amour," "Chansonette," and finally "Donkey Serenade." As "Chansonette" it appeared on Paul Whiteman's historic program that introduced Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue" (February 12, 1924). . . .

The original version of "The Old Gray Mare" was called "Down in Alabam'," with a subtitle, "Ain't I Glad to Get Out of the Wilderness?" The last five words appeared as the title of an instrumental version, published in 1860. (This was the "mystery tune" that clinched the success of radio's "Stop the Music.") . . .

There are plenty of surprises, too, in my biographical notes about Victor Herbert, Gershwin, Kern, Porter, Berlin, Rodgers, and Schwartz. . . .

Unselfish wish for Mr. Spaeth: I hope his book sells a million copies. . . .

FROM FRANCES CRANE, creator of Detective Pat Abbott and author of the forthcoming "The Flying Red Horse":

When I was in New Orleans, I kept my car, as usual, in the skyscraper garage on Bienville Street. One day when I took it out it had a peculiar odor, but so has New Orleans, so I drove out to Lake Pontchartrain without investigating closely. Two sailors from the hospital wanted a ride. It was their first ride in New Orleans, and a lovely day, so I put down the top and did not notice the perfume again until up on St. Charles Avenue it suddenly began to rain. So I stopped and put the top up. The boys were in the jump seat. One was from Virginia, with a lovely drawl, and as I fastened down the catches he said, "Excuse me, ma'am, but would you care if I throw out this old dead rat?" . . . Don't you think that was just about the ultimate in charming Southern manners?

FROM EMILY MILLER DANTON, director of the Birmingham, Alabama, Public Library:

Children provide most of the lighter moments in public libraries and our young patrons give us many laughs. I think two of our recent chuckles may give you one, too.

A little girl asked the busy children's librarian for what sounded like "Noah's Ark," and was handed a book of illustrated Bible stories. She drew herself up and said, slowly and firmly, "I—would—like—a—b o o k—about—*Wolfgang—Amadeus—Mozart.*"

And a little boy, paying a three-cent fine in a branch, looked up at the librarian sympathetically and asked, "Can you make a living out of this?" . . .

MARY MCGRORY, of the *Washington Star*, has been investigating the private life of Victor Weybright, the genial editor and chairman of the New American Library, which publishes the twenty-five-cent series that was known as "Penguin Books" until relations with the British owners of Penguins were severed in 1946. Weybright, whose company has dared publish at a quarter such relatively high-brow books as Ruth Benedict's "Patterns of Culture," Carson McCullers's "The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter," Henry S. Commager's "America in Perspective," Richard Wright's "Uncle Tom's Children," and Truman Capote's "Other Voices, Other Rooms" (not to mention works by William Faulkner and

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Erskine Caldwell), lives the life of a typical Manhattan publisher on week days, but come Friday he's off, ruddy and tweedy, for an entirely different world. Reports Miss McGrory:

> On his Maryland estate, Hollow Rock Farm, Weybright, accompanied by his wife, Hildegarde Fillmore, fashion and beauty editor of *McCall's*, becomes the country gentleman, his days filled with consultations with his farmer and visits to his herd of sixty-five Holsteins. His dairy farm is a going concern, he will tell you with some pride.
>
> Born in Carroll County, where his family has lived since 1750, in 1907, he was educated in the local schools, finishing his education at the Wharton School of Finance and the University of Chicago. He is, among other things, a former secretary of Jane Addams, a 4-H boy and a connoisseur of gypsy lore, a one-time managing editor of *Survey Graphic* and *Adventure*, and consultant to *The Reader's Digest* in the social field.
>
> Every Saturday afternoon, he eagerly dons the green and white of the Timber Ridge Bassets, of which he is hunt secretary, and foots it vigorously over hill and dale in pursuit of the leisurely, low-slung hounds which are among his greatest enthusiasms.
>
> Mr. Weybright's great affinity for the English was consolidated during his wartime stay in Britain, when he served with the OWI. He was attached to the United States Embassy and worked closely with the late Ambassador Winant. "I found it very cozy psychologically," he says. . . .

FROM JULIUS LONG, of Bellefontaine, Ohio:

> Did you hear about the newspaper photographer who made a flash bulb shot of a politician with his hand in a taxpayer's pocket? The politician whirled and grabbed the photographer and fought desperately to get his exposed negative away from him. But the photographer protected the negative with the desperation of a mother fighting for her child.
>
> "After all," the reporter explained after his successful defense of the negative, "it was my own flash and bulb!"

If it's puns Mr. Long is looking for (and if you dislike them you'll wish you had skipped this paragraph), I refer him to Alfred Vanderbilt's story of the thoroughbred who met another race horse on the Belmont Track and murmured, "I don't recall your mane, but your pace is familiar." Then there is B. Edelstein's report of the sad plight of a little Jewish girl in Barcelona. Her father always called her by her last name, which was Cohen; her mother leaned to her first name, which was Carmen. By the time she was ten she didn't know whether she was Carmen or Cohen. —BENNETT CERF.

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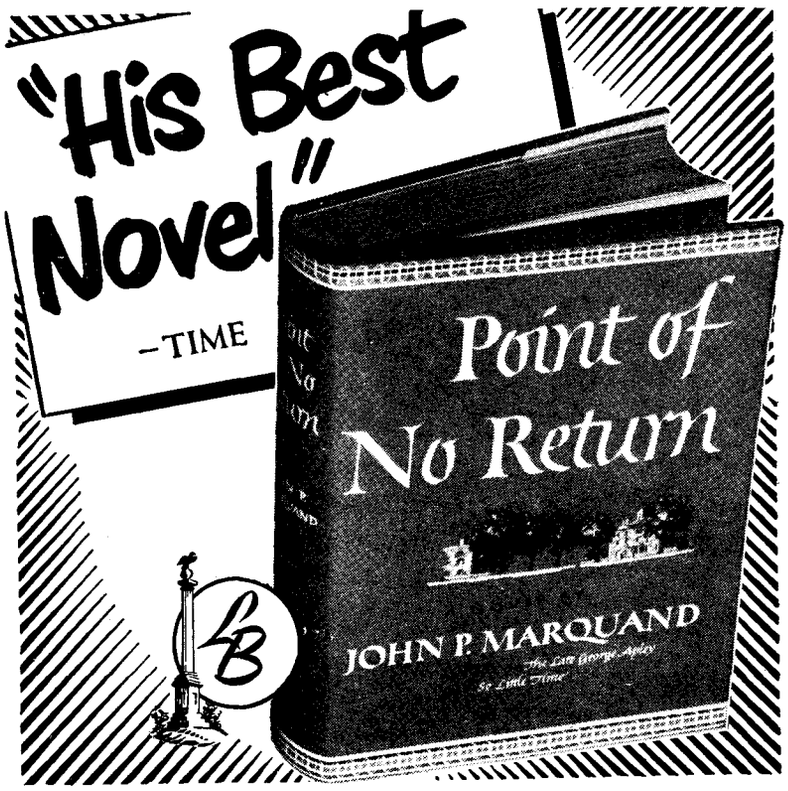

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The Saturday Review of Literature

Grim Fairy Tales

REX STOUT

—Conway Studios, Inc.

Rex Stout

PEOPLE say that Sherlock Holmes is the most widely known fictional character in all the literature of the world, and there is impressive evidence that they are right. Usually, having said it, they go on to ask why, and have no answer. They are puzzled and not a little irritated. What right has this fantastic bloodhound to the top of a peak whence he can look down upon Achilles, Medea, Don Quixote, Hamlet, Père Goriot, Anna Karenina, Karamazov, Old Scrooge, Tom Sawyer, Tarzan, and Scarlett O'Hara?

I have thought it over and I think I know. You have the answer as soon as you reflect not on what man is, but on what he likes to think he is. He calls himself homo but, not satisfied with that, makes it homo sapiens. His best-liked and best-known definition of himself is not the virtuous animal, or the passionate animal, or the handsome animal, or the just or merciful animal, but the reasoning animal. Sherlock Holmes is the embodiment of man's greatest pride and greatest weakness: his reason. I have heard it said by sneerers that he isn't even human. Certainly he isn't; but he is human aspiration. He is what our ancestors had in mind when in wistful braggadocio they tacked the sapiens onto the homo.

Man insists on nothing more desperately than that his emotions are controlled by his rational processes. More often than not, he actually believes it up to the selvage of his consciousness. Rationalization of an action or decision dictated by an emotion is, indeed, a primary function of the mind. It is an ironically thankless task, since it must contrive the conclusion that the action or decision was itself reasonable and therefore no rationalization was called for. As homo sapiens we resent—with a resentment usually too deep for awareness, let alone expression—being constantly bullied by our emotions, not only into action or decision but also into a frantic search for excuses for them.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *For its series of essays on writing as a craft,* SRL *has asked Rex Stout for a personal statement of his aims and methods as a writer of detective stories. Mr. Stout is the author of more than twenty books of this genre, most of them featuring the orchid-raising sleuth Nero Wolfe and his stooge Archie. His most recent book is "Trouble in Triplicate."*

We enjoy reading about people in the same fix. We enjoy reading about people who love and hate and covet—about gluttons and martyrs, misers and sadists, whores and saints, brave men and cowards. But also, demonstrably, we enjoy reading about a man who gloriously acts and decides, with no exception and no compunction, not as his emotions brutally command, but as his reason instructs. So Sherlock Holmes is on his peak.

This basic principle, this essence, of detective stories and the public's insatiable appetite for them, is understood (or felt) quite well by some of the writers in the genre, imperfectly

by others, and not at all by some. Dashiell Hammett's Sam Spade, for instance, is as true an exemplar as Holmes himself. Sam Spade is by no means without emotions—his are uncommonly fierce and hair-triggered—but they are not allowed to be even sergeants, let alone staff officers, in his campaign to get the murderer of Miles Archer and put his hands on the maltese falcon. Never has reason more heroically told an emotion to go soak its head than in the unforgettable last chapter of that book. Erle Stanley Gardner's Perry Mason knows what his role is and acts it. Agatha Christie's Hercule Poirot not only acts it but talks it, with his frequent references to his little gray cells. Philo Vance, not content to exclude emotions from his Board of Directors, wouldn't tolerate them around the place at all, which was a mistake, since the idea is not the extinction of emotions but merely their relegation to the auxiliaries, as is fitting in a reasoning animal.

It seems to me that Lord Peter Wimsey might have had no superior, and possibly no peer, if only Dorothy Sayers had understood (or felt) the essence of her job. I am told that she now hates Wimsey and will not permit his name to be spoken in her presence—and no wonder, considering the trouble he caused her. He was even ass enough to fall in love with a young woman who was under arrest for murder, the murder he was working on, and actually married her! In another story, on the evening of the execution of a murderer he had run to earth, compassion and misgiving kept him sleepless all night. A weakling! Anyway, evenings of execution of the real culprits have no place in detective stories. We have triumphantly rationalized executions, but a sneaking suspicion remains that an emotion or two may be implicated. A detective story ends when reason's job is done.

Here in the United States we call

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them mysteries, which is a pity. I don't know who started it. That meaningless and inane appellation is probably responsible for much of the chaotic silliness being perpetrated by writers, editors, and publishers. A story which lets the reader in as an eyewitness to a murder in the first chapter, and then lets him watch the murderer wriggle and dodge and twist until, at the end, his doom overtakes

him; a story in which five or six people kill ten or twelve people and finally one of the survivors gets arrested somehow; a story in which an assortment of investigators, both amateur and professional, tries to trap a murderer and fails ignominiously, and the creature is eventually nabbed by pure luck; and, heaven help us, many others—all these are published as mysteries. I am not turning up my nose at them. All I ask of any story is that it give me my money's worth —and my time's worth—one way or another. But to list such tales in the same category as detective stories is plainly nonsensical. It confuses not only the buyers and readers and editors, but also the writers, and is, I believe, to blame for the current tendency to regard detective-story writing as a moribund art. Young emerging talent is surely bewildered by it, and repelled.

DETECTIVE stories need all the talent they can get, since they confront the writer with two extraordinary handicaps. The first is inherent, the essence itself. Emotion is not taboo. Quite the contrary, the more the better. Since the peg the story hangs on is murder (it could be any crime, but the reasons for using murder instead of some lesser one are obvious), and since a murder neither preceded nor followed by violent emotions would be rather implausible, emotion is indeed mandatory. But no emotion must ever be allowed to usurp the center of the stage, and none can be permitted to deflect the hero a hair's breadth in his remorseless stalking of the dragon. For the true hero is not only not a man driven by love or hate or cupidity or fear; it is not a man at all; it is merely a faculty of man, the one that makes him unique and therefore the one he most loudly proclaims. The detective is only the personification of that faculty, and to have a personification for a hero is a considerable handicap.

The second handicap is technical. The writing job is to make a good story out of a man performing a feat of reason. The devil of it is that the most exciting and impressive part of the performance must be concealed from the reader—or at least the reader must not know what is exciting and impressive and what isn't. That is the pattern set by Poe, and no one has ever deviated from it without making a mess. I don't know why. Since the essence of the thing is to demonstrate the capacity of human reason to smash or surmount all obstacles in the search for truth, theoretically it could be done just as effectively, even more so, by letting the reader participate wholly in all phases of the operation. Actually, it doesn't work that way. At any rate, the Poe pattern is universally followed by all writers of detective stories that deserve the name, and it isn't easy. For a task of comparable technical difficulty, a novelist might try to write a tale of tender passion in which the lover is identified but the loved one is not—until the fifth page from the last. Not that no novelist could do it. In plotting "The Brothers Karamazov," Dostoievsky almost certainly used the Poe pattern as a model, but, since he was writing a novel and not a detective story, and, since he was Dostoievsky, he let emotions run the show.

Understanding (or feeling) the essence, then, and aware of the two severe handicaps, a man starts to write a detective story. What are his problems and how is he to solve them? I won't presume to speak of the problems he shares with all other writers of fiction, such as the function of the paragraph, the foreshortening of dialogue, the smooth and unobtrusive transition from scene to scene, the change of pace, and a thousand others. The question is, what are the problems peculiar to his job?

He must, first of all, know his detective intimately. He may jerry-build all the others, including the victim and even the murderer, out of odds and ends—but not the detective. It may be, as I am convinced it is, that what holds the reader is the spectacle of human reason fighting its way through a morass of brute emotions to the solid clean ground of truth, and that the detective is only the personification of reason, but that makes it all the more desirable for the personification to be a man and not a puppet. That, I think, is why nearly all of the finest detective stories are about detectives who appear not in one tale but in a series. Creating a man, especially one who is to be a plausible and exciting personification of the faculty that we think most flattering, can't be done by just snapping the fingers. It is not surprising that Poe and Doyle and Gaboriau and Chesterton and Sayers, having once got him, held onto him. Nor is this a contradiction of my concession that Sherlock Holmes is not human. He is human as a man, but not as a detective. He is human when he plays the violin or gets impatient with Watson or puts his tobacco in an old slipper, but not when he glances at a bit of ash and knows the name of the cigar it came from. Then he is the flaming realization of man's most ambitious dream, and no character in a dream is human.

HAVING created his man-detective, and knowing him inside and out, the writer faces the problem of method. It is impossible to have the detective himself tell the story. That has been tried but never with success, because there can be no justification for postponement of the revelation to the end. There is a chance that the writer has it in him to invent something new, as Agatha Christie did in her brilliant tour de force "The Murder of Roger Ackroyd," but the chance is remote. The most direct method is straight third-person narrative from the viewpoint of the detective. That has the advantage of keeping the hero always on stage, but it makes the postponement of the revelation, though not impossible, extremely difficult. Chesterton handles it fairly well with Father Brown, Christie with

Poirot, a little better, but not much, Sayers still better with Wimsey, and Hammett to perfection with Sam Spade.

Another method is third-person narrative from no single viewpoint—the method of most novels. This is the

(Continued on page 34)

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Personal History.

Two men as far apart as the poles, yet both indigenous to the U. S. economy, are vividly portrayed in a brace of books reviewed this week. In "The Great Pierpont Morgan," Harper's editor Frederick Lewis Allen offers a skilfully-etched profile of the greatest captain of industry in our history, the most powerful American of the generation before World War I. In "Union Guy," Clayton W. Fountain presents a revealing self-portrait of a typical minor union official whose work in organizing labor helped abridge the power of men of Morgan's ilk. . . . Even the most fortunately-endowed man or woman will find inspiration and uplift in the accounts of struggle to surmount handicaps given in two other books: Harold Russell's "Victory in My Hands" and Marie Hays Heiner's "Hearing Is Believing."

Pierpontifex Maximus

THE GREAT PIERPONT MORGAN. By Frederick Lewis Allen. New York: Harper & Bros. 1949. 306 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

THIS short biography is a delightful piece of personal portraiture, expert, incisive, and graphic; a study absorbing in its analysis of the traits of a man as versatile, human, and unpredictable as he was aggressive and dominating. Morgan's business career is deliberately cast into the background. Mr. Allen is interested primarily in the man. That is, he is intent upon Morgan the pillar of the Episcopal Church, affirming in his last years (with Bryan) a literal belief in Jonah and the whale; in Morgan the devotee of solitaire; in Morgan the passionate collector of rare books, paintings, vases, and tapestries; in Morgan the commodore of the New York Yacht Club, his *Corsair* the last word in yachting luxury; in the Morgan of a Madison Avenue mansion, of "Cragston" on the Hudson, of a thousand-acre camp in the Adirondacks, of a fishing-box at Newport, of quarters on Jekyll Island, a great house at Prince's Gate, London, and an English country house; in the Morgan who celebrated Thanksgiving in old New England style; the Morgan who insisted on having the children at the breakfast table, and on singing hymns after Sunday supper. He was a fascinating man, whose like our radical age will never see again.

His special note, as Henry James would have said, was magnificence. He lived as a prince of capitalism was expected to live in the generation before World War I. Six or eight months in the year he ruled in Wall Street. The other months saw him moving grandly from New York to London, from Paris to Monte Carlo, from Rome to Cairo, always with an entourage. Now he was giving a luncheon to Kaiser Wilhelm at Kiel, now having audience with the Pope and the Queen of Italy, now showing British royalty his pictures at Prince's Gate. He spent money so prodigally that he could advise another multi-millionaire, who asked enviously what another *Corsair* would cost: "If you even have to think about cost, don't keep a yacht." When he wanted Judge Gary to head Federal Steel, he made a regal gesture: "You can select the directors, name the executive committee, choose your officers, and fix your salary." The Harvard Medical School begged money from various rich men. John D. Rockefeller, as was his praiseworthy fashion, made a six months' survey. Morgan, in a different but equally praiseworthy spirit, welcomed the Harvard men with watch in hand, saying, "I can give you but a minute," glanced swiftly at the plans, and pointing with his finger, announced: "I will build *that*, and *that*, and *that*. Good morning, gentlemen."

But his success had a more solid foundation than magnificent gestures. The qualities which raised him to undisputed preeminence in American finance were his imagination, his dominating will, and his courage—with solid personal integrity underlying them. Of these traits Mr. Allen gives abundant instances. Imagination (together with much detailed financial and legal planning) went into the building of the huge Southern Railway out of a clutter of small properties. Imagination of a titanic sort was the basis of the United States Steel Corporation, a creation which prosaic minds would have pronounced impossible. Only an imaginative and courageous man would have undertaken the bold experiments into which Morgan repeatedly plunged; the most spectacular being the great

THE AUTHOR: "Inspiration," Frederick Lewis Allen observes mildly, "is a rare thing, and I don't believe it is as brittle as a lot of people seem to think. You are lucky to have any creative power at all. If so, doing chores is not likely to hurt it. As a matter of fact, dealing with manuscripts is as good a stimulator as anything." Mr. Allen began dealing with MSS. in 1914 as assistant editor of *The Atlantic Monthly*, two years later became managing editor of *The Century*, and, save for an interval with the Council of National Defense (1918-19) and the Harvard Corporation, as secretary (1919-23), has been at it ever since. He joined *Harper's Magazine* in 1923 and was made editor-in-chief in 1941. "In harness" he produced "Only Yesterday," chronicling the Twenties, "Since Yesterday," which polished off the Thirties, "The American Procession," "Metropolis," and "I Remember Distinctly." The last three were collaborations with his wife, Agnes Rogers. "But I don't want to become a kind of ten-year locust," he protests. Any new history would probably span 1900-50, although he may write a biography of FDR. "Too much has been made of the fact that he was brought up a swell and became an anti-swell. At Groton," he recalls, "they kept stressing our responsibility and duty to go into politics." (Mr. Allen is vice chairman of the board of the Foreign Policy Association.) The urge to try Pierpont Morgan came to him in 1925 while working on the financial history "The Lords of Creation." "I always felt he was a fascinating character who had never been done right. Nowadays he is dismissed as a pirate. I don't think he was." Mr. Allen likes tennis, cowboy pool, and water-color painting ("a very Victorian performance") for relaxation. As for the allegedly more tabloid aspects of Mr. Morgan's pleasures—"I don't like to look through keyholes, and least of all do I think that anyone can look through keyholes fifty years after. —R. G.

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syndicate sale of United States bonds in 1895 to buy gold bullion in Europe and thus save the country from going to a silver basis. Mr. Allen reveals the message sent from the New York to the London office when the transaction succeeded: "Heartfelt congratulations. You cannot appreciate the relief to everybody's mind, for the dangers were so great scarcely anybody dared whisper them."

Morgan's imperious will kept partners like Robert Bacon and Charles H. Coster completely under his sway; overawed lesser financial lights, making allies of Stillman and Baker; and on the witness stand intimidated hostile Senators. His dominating will, with some tactful management superadded, compelled the Pennsylvania and New York Central in 1885 to stop their invasion of each other's territory in building the West Shore and South Pennsylvania Railroads, and brought about the famous "gentlemen's agreement" of 1886 to end railroad rate slashing. Once or twice he met his match. Theodore Roosevelt was adamant against his demand that the South Improvement prosecution be halted. Dr. Rainsford, Seth Low, and various vestrymen overruled him when he tried to block Rainsford's democratization of St. George's Church. But in general his determination carried everything before it.

Notably was this the fact in 1907, when his intervention stopped the panic among the trust companies and restored financial order. At the crucial moment he laid before important New York financiers an agreement to put up another twenty-five millions. "There's the place to sign," he told them, "and here's the pen." They signed. A speech of his in that critical juncture illustrates his way of demanding from others his own courage. One banker had come to him saying that he was frightened because he had exceeded his legal reserve. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself," growled Morgan. "What's your reserve for except to use at a time like this?"

In treating Morgan's financial career, Mr. Allen throws little new light upon the record. His service lies chiefly in telling the story of Morgan's achievements crisply and expertly, with a careful weighing of the evidence. What new material he has pertains chiefly to the Morgan-Belmont gold operations of 1895. Allowed access to the original cable-book of the New York and London offices, Mr. Allen is able to show that it was even more difficult for Morgan to persuade Cleveland to accept his services than had been supposed, and that the risks of the operation were even greater than had been thought. For the first time also the House of Morgan allows a writer to reveal its exact profits in this transaction. Instead of the sixteen millions mentioned by the *New York World* and the seven to twelve millions stated by Lewis Corey, the syndicate profits came to $1,534,516, or with interest, $2,079,776. The Morgan firm made about a quarter of a million, or with interest, $300,000. This was moderate considering the difficulties and perils encountered.

In reviewing the history of the firm, Mr. Allen tries to steer a middle course between the unfair attacks it has received from some writers, and the loose praise it has gotten from others. The natural result of his liking for Morgan the man is that he weights the scales on the favorable side. Thus he dismisses Morgan's (very minor) part in the Hall carbine affair, and his part in Edward Ketchum's gold speculations, both in Civil War days, with the remark that young Morgan had simply been a bad judge of character. He had let himself associate with shady fellows. But censure might go a little deeper: young Morgan had also shown an unfortunate appetite for quick speculative profits. He is very gentle with Morgan for his share in the great anthracite railroad combine of the 1880's. It is true that there was no Sherman Anti-Trust Act yet, but it is also true that under the common law monopoly was illegal. He is gentle with respect to the great profits that Morgan wrung out of his railroad reorganizations after the panic of 1893; gentler than E. G. Campbell in his book on the subject. Much more could be said about the water in United States Steel (capitalization $1,400,000,000, tangible assets $682,000,000) than Mr. Allen pauses to suggest.

Then, too, more might be said, even in so short a book as this, upon the wisdom or unwisdom of some of Mr. Morgan's measures. His mistakes in connection with the New Haven Railroad, the International Mercantile

Marine, and the early history of United States Steel are but briefly mentioned. The evils of interlocking directorships revealed by the Pujo Committee and dealt with in the Clayton Act (the Morgan partners held seventy-two directorships in houses with about ten billions of capital or assets) were doubtless exaggerated at the time, but were potentially great. Some day, perhaps, J. P. Morgan & Co. (who feel they must protect the confidence of those who have done business with them) will reveal more of their records; and then these subjects can be fully explored.

Meanwhile, Mr. Allen's admirable depiction of Morgan's personality can stand unchallenged; in this book, readers will feel, is the real man. The author does well to lay emphasis on the financier's character. It was true of him, as of Rockefeller and Carnegie, that his immense success would have been unthinkable had the business community not had implicit faith in his integrity. Samuel Untermyer, questioning him in the Pujo Investigation, asked if commercial credit was not based primarily upon money or credit. "No, sir," said Morgan, "the first thing is character." "Before anything else?" queried Untermyer. "Before anything else. Money cannot buy it," rejoined Morgan. His driving force, his imperious will, his farsighted vision, his grasp of intricate forces, would all have been worthless but for his massive character. In 1895 Cleveland asked him what guarantee the government would have that gold would not be shipped back to Europe almost as fast as it was brought in. "I will guarantee it," said Morgan instantly. That personal guarantee, which was good enough for the President of the United States in a dire emergency, was based upon character.

Allan Nevins, two-times winner of the Pulitzer Prize for biography and professor of American history at Columbia University, is at work on the third volume of "Ordeal of the Union," his history of the United States before and during the Civil War.

Salutation

DUBIOUS greetings, Shostakovich,
Friend or foe, we'd like to *know* which,
Artist-brother of Stravinsky?
Or an envoy of Vishinsky?
We should hate to think the latter,
We prefer to hope you'll frater—
Nize within our tranquil borders
As a guy not under orders,
On a true esthetic mission;
And, to strengthen your position,
Won't you bring along that Dove
Of Peace? With love,

MELVILLE CANE.

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Hooked Grip on Life

VICTORY IN MY HANDS. By Harold Russell with Victor Rosen. New York: Creative Age Press. 1949. 280 *pp.* $2.50.

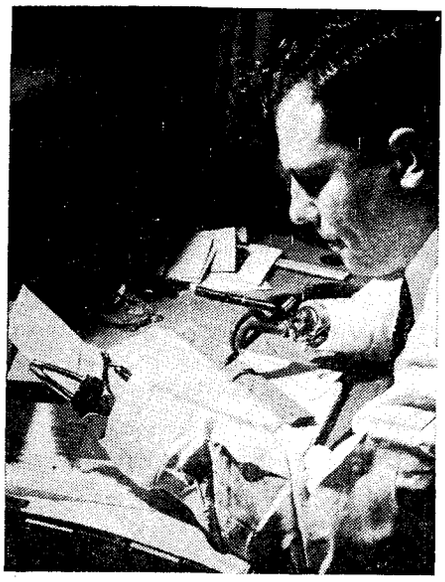
Reviewed by ARTHUR C. FIELDS

HAROLD RUSSELL lay in his hospital bed and stared up at the stumps at the end of his arms. He was without hands. What did that mean? What was it like to be handless? How did one shave? How did one eat? How did one live? "Victory in My Hands" is the story of Harold Russell's reaction to these problems, his fight for acceptance, his struggle with The Outside, and his final triumph over all these obstacles.

If ever there was a one-hundred-per-cent American story, this is it. On one level, a butcher boy becomes a movie star, winning two of the highly prized Academy Award Oscars. On another level, it is the story of any red-blooded young man fighting to reconquer himself after the loss of both hands. And on a still higher level, it is a man evaluating himself, weighing his experiences and applying them not only to his life but to the lives of others—making him more aware, forcing him to open his eyes to much he had never seen, teaching him, as he himself says, that "it is not what you have lost, but what you have left that counts."

"Victory in My Hands" begins in the hospital and takes Harold Russell back to his youth, introducing his girl friend (and, later, his wife) Rita. Harold seemed doomed to continual failure. Whatever he did—his relationship with Rita, his acceptance of the shady principles of business, his final escape into the Army—all of these he believed to be failures. In fact, it became an obsession with him, a jinx, a chain which could never be broken. And then, his hands. Lost, not overseas, not in blazing combat, but lost in training, sacrificed to a defective fuse in a stick of nitrostarch! What greater failure could possibly smite him?

But the loss of his hands was the turning point in Harold Russell's life. Suddenly he was forced to fight. He was given a pair of hooks and upon those hooks depended his whole life. At first he rebelled. Imagine caressing Rita with two steel hooks! Imagine holding hands with a cold bar! And the operation of the prosthetic device was not easy. Worked by shoulder straps, the hooks were at least better than the cosmetic hands (which reminded him of pall bearers at a funeral) but they were not perfect. The first day Harold returned to the



Harold Russell: "It is not what you have lost, but what you have left that counts."

ward to demonstrate his proficiency. Picking up a bottle of beer, he hoisted it to his lips with bravado, only to feel his heart dip as the bottle crashed to the floor.

But Harold won. With his back up against the wall, he suddenly found the courage to stand up to his jinx. All at once, bowed under by a great physical tragedy, Harold Russell found a new lode of moral strength. The rest of the story is well known. Chosen to portray a handless veteran in the movie "The Best Years of Our Lives," Harold Russell catapulted to national fame. For his acting he received two Academy Awards and the blessings of the entire film colony. Sam Goldwyn personally supervised his activities, ordering him to "stay under wraps" until the film was given its premiere. As the great Goldwyn anticipated, Harold became a sensation overnight. He was invited to speak everywhere. He appeared on the radio, he was even courted by the Communist Party. The man with no hands became a familiar figure in newspapers and magazines throughout the country. He was offered $1,750 a week for a speaking tour. He was invited to tea at the White House. And then, realizing to what good he could put all this publicity, he joined with the Anti-Defamation League and began actively campaigning for them, putting into practice all he had learned through pain and suffering in the hospital and in his fight with himself and The Outside.

Harold Russell's story should prove an inspiration to the many hundreds of thousands of war veterans still in the veterans' hospitals throughout the country. Harold Russell has shown what a man can do who faces up to himself.

The Class Struggle

UNION GUY. By Clayton W. Fountain. New York: Viking Press. 1949. 242 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by WELLINGTON ROE

THIS personal history of a minor union official is essentially the story of what "dat ole debbil" Capitalism did to a young fellow who began life under the dual handicap of being the son of a laborer and a three-quarter-blood American Indian. The author feels that the latter fact has placed him across the so-called color line, although his supporting evidence is confined to a nickname, "Smoky," which he bore in his teens. Superimposed upon the personal history is a short—and partisan—account of the bitter factional struggle for control of the United Automobile Workers Union-CIO through which Walter Reuther won its presidency.

At eighteen Fountain left high school just short of graduation and set out to find his place in the world. Between that time and his becoming a paid functionary of the UAW, he accumulated many grievances against his enemy, capitalism. He was a dishwasher on a Great Lakes boat, a wife deserter, a hobo, a tractor driver on a Southern plantation, an inmate of a few jails, a truck driver, a hanger-on in Detroit pool rooms and speakeasies, a worker in automobile plants, and a Communist.

In the hands of a skilful writer this portion of the book probably could have aroused a mild sympathy for the author during his period of hard knocks. As Fountain writes it, however, there is the shadow of self-justification and a sense that in and out of jail, stealing, wenching, reeling drunk, or at work he thinks he was quite the hell of a fellow.

Fountain resigned from the Communist Party, in which he had been for some time a trade-union operative, after a row with its Michigan leaders over his attempt to explain the Party line in a letter to the editor of the *Detroit News*. Now he asserts that to his mind the Party is much the same prison for its members that capitalism is for American workers. Nevertheless he uses all the old clichés of Communism to belabor our national economy. And even his exposé of Communists' maneuvers in the trade unions is rewarmed hash, only another case history for a drawer already jam-packed with better ones.

In 1942, after a defeat in a campaign for the presidency of his union local, Fountain joined the staff of the UAW as liaison officer to the Michigan Hospital Association. He soon was

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prominent in the Reuther faction of the union and went up the ladder fast. In the order of such things, when Reuther became UAW president in 1946, he appointed Fountain assistant editor of the organization's newspaper, the *United Automobile Worker*. It is not surprising, consequently, that much of the book is a rather abusive polemic against Reuther's opponents in the union, interwoven with equally strong praise for his leadership.

It is far from this reviewer's intention to disparage Mr. Reuther's genuine accomplishments as a labor chieftain, but even so one can wish that Fountain's account of the political warfare in the UAW were less vehemently partisan. He has done no service to the cause he champions by denouncing all of Reuther's opponents as Communists or Communists' agents. Neither has he contributed anything to an understanding of the problem of Communists in trade unions by his attempt to give final credit to his faction of the Automobile Workers for the rout of the left in the national trade-union body. Walter Reuther has made mistakes, and he was not the only union leader to take on the Communists; in fact, he was not even the first to do so.

The best of the book is in short passages dealing with work in automobile factories. In these paragraphs Fountain has something to say about procedures with which he has had personal contact and he says it well. Here the reader is given the sense of actually being in the automobile plants and can almost feel the inhuman pressure placed upon workers in a modern assembly-line factory. Here also one gains an understanding of the reasons why nearly a million workers have placed their faith in the UAW as a way to better their living standard and conditions of work.

It seems reasonable to say that on this level Mr. Fountain could have written a moving and important book. As it stands, this one might satisfy persons who take their class struggle straight; but, on the other hand, if one favors an objective approach to the union question and the rational statement rather than rationalization, it can be skipped without undue regret.

Came, Saw, and Met Everyone

I'M A BUSYBODY. By Carl Glick. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. 1949. 238 pp. $3.

Reviewed by JOHN T. WINTERICH

THESE are the ana of a breezy, hither-and-yon, here-today-and-gone-tomorrow career. Mr. Glick is one of those people who have been everywhere and seen everything and met everybody, but he has seen to some purpose, and while the people he has met would not seem important to important people, they do seem important to Mr. Glick. He has found man (and woman) to be an absorbing and fascinating phenomenon; treat a member of the species kindly, he appears to argue, and it is not likely to snap at you. I enjoyed particularly the way in which he struck up an acquaintance with a group of Indian sailors during the war (Indian Indians, not American Indians). He met them in a Greenwich Village cafeteria and asked them to his home. "Had I been in India," he observes revealingly, "I would have given my eye teeth to be invited into an Indian home."

Mr. Glick has devoted a lot of time to the little-theatre movement (and a lot also to the big-theatre movement); he has been and obviously still is a professional writer; he has taught at Fairmount College in Wichita, at the University of Colorado, and at the University of Montana. (He himself is a Midwesterner—Marshalltown, Iowa, boy.) Once, when he was walking along West 51st Street in New York, he met a well-dressed woman who was carrying an empty champagne bottle. She came to an old brownstone-front mansion which wreckers had earmarked for destruction, thumbed her nose at it, broke the bottle on the steps, and said, "To hell with you!" Mr. Glick wanted to know about that. "I lived there once," said the woman. "To hell with you, too!"

Mr. Glick is the sort of person who keeps running into things like that (or things like that keep running into Mr. Glick). His is one of the best-natured books of a bad-natured era.

Deafness Defeated

HEARING IS BELIEVING. By Marie Hays Heiner. Cleveland: The World Publishing Co. 1949. 126 pp. $2.

Reviewed by EARNEST ELMO CALKINS

ONE morning Marie Hays Heiner woke up with influenza and found herself deaf. She did not know that she was then at the beginning of that sad pilgrimage from hearing to silence which we deaf know so well—the dismaying realization, the vain attempt to conceal it from friends and even from family, the heartbreaking round of visits to otologists, until at last one of them tells her the grim truth: "You must make up your mind you will never be any better, and may become worse." Then lip-reading, which must be learned by arduous study, and a hearing instrument, a blow to her vanity, for she was young and good-looking, and engaged.

But this otologist was something of a psychiatrist. "Live," he told her, "live as completely as you can; stay in the hearing world as long as you can. Use every aid you can muster to keep sound coming in." With this advice, lessons in visible speech, and an instrument, which she found it easy to conceal, much better, she thought, than the enormous brass trumpet Harriet Martineau used so effectually, she set out to find her place in a new world. She got her husband—he never wavered and was the understanding sort a deaf person's consort should be, and she found work in addition to her home where she could use her undoubted executive ability and feel that she was accomplishing something worth while.

She visited a class of deaf children, those who had never heard sound, and were being taught slowly and painfully to speak, to utter sounds they never would hear, and was much moved by it. She learned how large was the world of the deaf and how great its need. In her home town, Cleveland, was Garfield House, the headquarters of the local chapter of the American Hearing Society. She became its president and in the course of time made it one of the most aggressive and successful in the country. This book is an extension of her work, and as such it is full of advice and inspiration to all hard-of-hearing folk, not the least of which is the author's own courage and cheerfulness.

The autobiographical part is much too brief—we could have done with more of it—but it is enlivened by incidents and experiences that will ring true with every deaf reader. As when two gunmen stalked into the room

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and one leveled his revolver at Marie. "Put your gun down. That girl is deaf," cried her mother. This so rattled the robbers that they got away with much less loot than they otherwise might. There was Rusty, the Irish terrier, who grasped her mistress's shortcomings and in her doggish way taught herself to be a Hearing Ear, warning of all sounds, footsteps, doorbell, telephone.

But when a little son was born to the Heiners, a new problem was presented. The author hints at but does not develop the menace of hereditary deafness, but is concerned over the problem of a deaf mother with a growing baby in the house. "As a mother I wanted to know, day or night, what was going on." The result was the House that Hears. In every room there are outlets into which can be plugged microphones and earphones, and little Bobbie Heiner was for years puzzled by the ease with which Mummie heard through walls.

But fascinating as the details of her own life are, the great value of this book is what it offers the discouraged millions who are at this moment going down that dread descent from hearing into silence. "Wake up, hard-of-hearing America! You, too, can meet the challenge." And if it is a must for the handicapped, it is even more so for those other millions, family and friends, who are in daily contact with the underhearing. And as a story of a brave fight against a too-little-understood affliction, it ought to interest what might be called the lay reader. Strange how few such books have been written when one realizes there are at least seven millions seriously deaf—probably more.

The War. *As was to be expected, the men who fought World War II have been prompter in giving us their personal accounts of the conflict than have the politicians who directed it behind the scenes. From the Fascist powers there have thus far come only the fragmentary "Ciano Diaries," "The Fall of Mussolini: His Own Story," and "The Goebbels Diaries"; from the Japanese, nothing. The quality from our side is immensely superior: Robert E. Sherwood's "Roosevelt and Hopkins," H. L. Stimson's "On Active Service," and Winston Churchill's "The Second World War." This week we review the second volume of the Churchill work, a history that time may rank as great literature. An invaluable source for historians is another new book, the fragmentary but revealing "Memoirs of Alfred Rosenberg, the Nazi Philosopher."*

Britain Alone Against Her Enemies

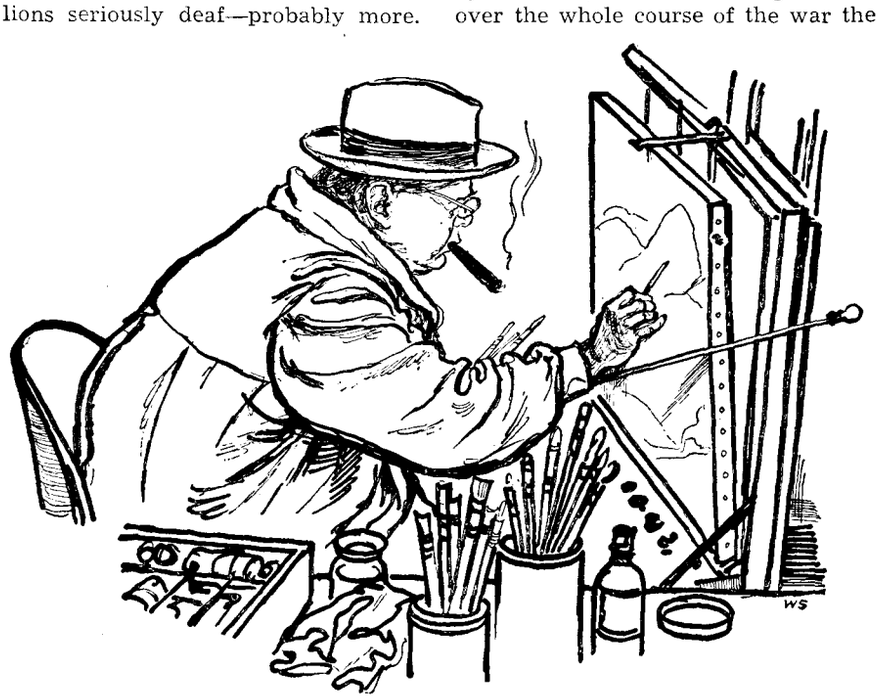
THEIR FINEST HOUR. By Winston S. Churchill. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1949. 751 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by CRANE BRINTON

THIS second volume of Mr. Churchill's memoirs of the War of 1939-1945—which for our lifetime at least will probably be known as the Second World War—has had the same extraordinary circulation in newspaper and magazine form as the first volume. "Their Finest Hour" has had about as thorough a pre-publication airing as ever a book has had. Mr. Churchill here writes of the period from his assumption of power in May 1940 to the end of the year. After a brief prefatory passage, accompanied by statistics, in which he argues that over the whole course of the war the British "effort" was in any measurable way quite up to the American, he launches full into the details of this year of British greatness: the French debacle and its unhappy consequences at Mers el Kébir and Dakar, the Battle of Britain, the blitz, Wavell's shoestring victory in the desert, the deal involving fifty destroyers and the Atlantic bases, and the beginning of lend-lease.

This is vintage Churchill. The great phrases are all here, dramatically, lovingly prepared for: "Well might I say in the House of Commons, 'Never in the field of human conflict was so much owed by so many to so few'." "I repeat the prayer around the *louis d'or, 'Dieu protège la France.'*" We are reminded that another famous phrase was "blood, *toil*, sweat, and tears," not, as it is still commonly quoted, perhaps from a Freudian wish to forget the unheroic, "blood, sweat, and tears." Unlike the recent collection of Mr. Churchill's maxims made by Colin Coote and Denzil Batchelor, this volume also gives us the routine Churchill (incredibly, perhaps, to the real romantic, there was—and is—such a Churchill). It gives us the Churchill who not only inspired but governed and administered, who led the House of Commons, who, as "Former Naval Person," wrote all during the war a fascinating series of cables to President Roosevelt.

Memoirs based as closely on the documents as these, as cogently and effectively composed, are in fact history. There is no use in the academic professional historian's maintaining that according to his formula these memoirs are sources of history, and not the finished product. Personal memoirs of lesser actors—an ambassador, a correspondent—may perhaps be classified as no more than sources, but not the memoirs of Winston



Churchill the painter—"no gossipy memoirs, but history in the grand manner."

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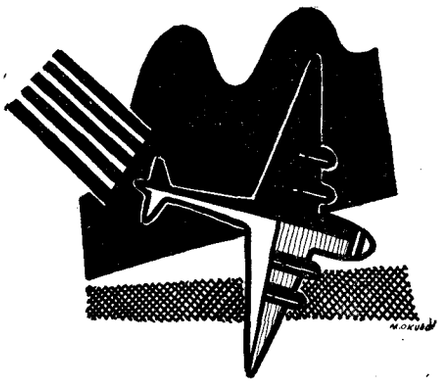

Churchill. It is as absurd to deny the name of history to this book as to deny it to the work of Thucydides, who was also a contemporary writer.

Mr. Churchill has in this volume a central and most dramatic theme, Britain alone against her enemies, alone against our enemies, against the enemies of civilization. He makes the most of this theme, with no concessions to the academic notion that the historian is above moral judgments as he is above emotion. Around this central theme he fits in an amazingly complete account of these seven months in 1940. It is not the account of the social or the intellectual historian but a sort of political staff history, an account of great events seen from a coordinating center of authority. This account, of course, touches on a thousand subjects men still dispute angrily about, and notably on the complex circumstances of the French debacle. Here again is clear Mr. Churchill's real emotional attachment to the French, an attachment far deeper, one guesses, than his feeling towards Americans. Yet he abates nothing of his condemnation of French leaders in 1940, accepts in no way the French thesis that the RAF ought to have tried harder to save France in May.

It would, of course, be rash to say that Mr. Churchill is sure to survive as a great historian. History is most clearly an art rather than a science in that only the verdict of time can separate great writing from near-great writing. But the reader should come to "Their Finest Hour," as to other volumes in the series, in the full realization that he is reading no gossipy memoirs, no easy reflections on life, but history in the grand manner—a kind of history of which Mr. Churchill seems to be one of the last practitioners in these days of textbooks, surveys, theses, and lay versions of the "City of God." But Mr. Churchill should be used to being the last in a number of categories. It is quite fitting that he should be the last in a line which includes Gibbon, Macaulay, Froude, and Trevelyan.

Philosopher of Blood and Honor

MEMOIRS OF ALFRED ROSENBERG. With commentaries by Serge Lang and Ernst von Schenck. New York: Ziff-Davis Publishing Co. 1949. 328 pp. $4.

Reviewed by HENRY B. KRANZ

IN "Final Judgment, The Story of Nuremberg," Victor Bernstein tells a very amusing incident. One day during the trial Dr. Thoma, counsel for the murderer-philosopher Alfred Rosenberg, whispered (audibly, because his mouth was near the microphone) to his assistant, who had been handing him excerpts from Rosenberg's "Myth of the Twentieth Century" for reading into the record: "Stop! Stop handing me that philosophical crap!"

It was no surprise that his own lawyer had very little regard for the man who once was a three-star general in the SS and SA, Reich Minister for the Occupied Eastern Territories, and Chief of the Nazi Party's Departments for Foreign Policy and Ideology. Although the "Father of National Socialism," as he liked to be called, was the author of a book which sold a million copies and was a sort of "bible" in Nazi Germany, most Nazi leaders used to slur him at every occasion. Goebbels in his diaries called him "an obstreperous nincompoop" with "childish ideas," a man who "has done more harm than good not only in the East but also in the realm of politics generally." Goering, it is well known, had the worst possible opinion of him, and Roehm, in a letter, called him "loutish, moralistic, athlete." Hitler himself said once to Rauschning: "This man Rosenberg is against the Bolsheviks only because they make it impossible for him to be a Russian."

On the other hand we read now in Rosenberg's memoirs, written in the prison cell, some rather unfriendly words about all the Nazi bigwigs. Goebbels: "A vain and theatrical varlet." Himmler: "One of the gravediggers of the Reich, arrogant, illusionary, a man without conscience." Ley: "His speeches frequently made him appear absolutely ridiculous." Terboven: "An arrogant nitwit." Bormann: "Whenever I talked to him, no coherent statement ever passed his lips. . . . Our enmity was deep rooted." Hitler: "Sometimes hatred arises in me when I think of the millions of Germans who have been murdered and exiled [because of Hitler]."

What else do the memoirs reveal? Rosenberg, chief inculcator of Nazi philosophy, deadly enemy of Christianity, Judaism, and all Slavs, believes he alone was innocent. He writes that "the sickness of the

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

MONOTONOUS, ISN'T IT?

Fannie Gross, of Asheville, N. C., lists twenty examples of reiteration found in the works of twenty different poets. Can you match the quotations with their authors? Allowing five points for each correct answer, a score of sixty is par, seventy is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers are on page 26.

1. Again! Again! Again!	( ) Thomas Campbell
2. Coach! Coach! Coach!	( ) Henry Carey
3. Drifting, drifting, drifting	( ) Sydney Dobell
4. Dying, dying, dying	( ) John Dryden
5. Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen	( ) Reginald Heber
6. Gold! Gold! Gold! Gold!	( ) Robert Herrick
7. Holy, holy, holy	( ) M. E. Hickson
8. Loved, loved, loved, loved, loved	( ) Thomas Hood
9. Men, men, men, men, men	( ) Rudyard Kipling
10. Merry, merry, merry	( ) Omar Khayyam
11. Mine! Mine! Mine!	( ) Vachel Lindsay
12. Mingle, mingle, mingle	( ) Henry W. Longfellow
13. Nose, nose, nose, nose!	( ) Thomas Middleton
14. Rattle-rattle, rattle-rattle	( ) Alfred Noyes
15. Return, return, return	( ) George Peele
16. Riding, riding, riding	( ) Edgar Allan Poe
17. Ripe, ripe, ripe	( ) Thomas Ravenscroft
18. Rolls, rolls, rolls, rolls	( ) William Shakespeare
19. Try, try, try	( ) Alfred Tennyson
20. Willow, willow, willow	( ) Walt Whitman

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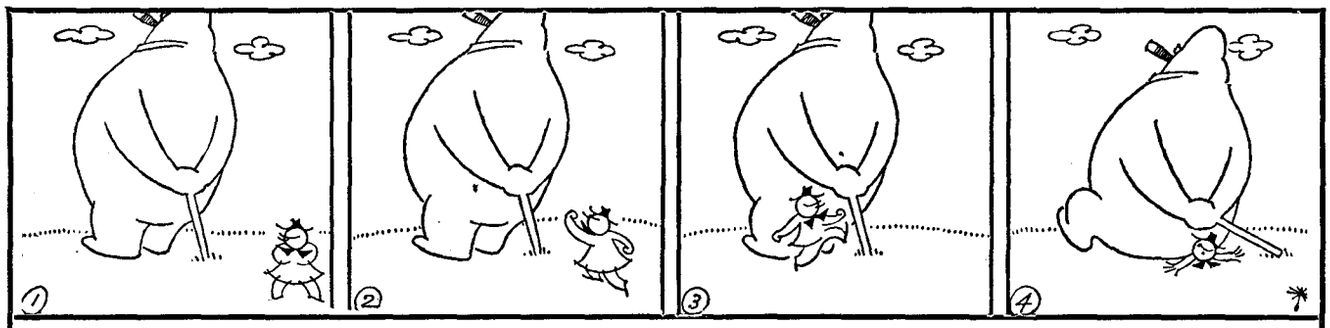

"Rebellion Against Authority"

—*Lisa Larsen*-Scope.
Piet Hein

WITH this issue *SRL* introduces to America one of Scandinavia's most versatile and successful authors—Piet Hein. A trained physicist, an inventor, and the Danish spearhead for world government, he prefers to be identified with his serious poetry, which is top rung in the North Countries,—or perhaps with his ironical verse and political-philosophical illustrations. His poems, collected, sold more than 150,000 copies in a country of 4,000,000. The short, aphoristic jingles he calls "Gruks" (an onomatopoetic bridge between a sigh and a chuckle), filling nine volumes, are present-day proverbs, often appearing as mottoes for dissertations and novels. Gruks first appeared five days after the Nazi invasion, when Mr. Hein, until then moderately famed as a high-brow poet, began a daily series in the liberal Copenhagen newspaper *Politiken*, frequently accompanied by a Chaplinesque cartoon character named Kumbel (humble), his satiric alter ego. "In them a classic is born," cheered a leading critic. The Danish Royal Theatre chose him to write the curtain-raiser to the ceremonies celebrating the bicentennial of the historic humorist Herman Wessel, and for the hundredth anniversary of the Danish Constitution next June he has been named lyrist. "I am two poets," he says, "the one is the only Scandinavian poet who can live by poetry—the other is the one who ought to." His abstract models of the intricate structures in nuclear theory are displayed in scientific museums the world over. He is active with the PEN Club, which recently feted him in this country. For the next several months he will be here as member of the international Council of the World Federal Government. He was born in 1905, attended the Swedish Academy of Art at Stockholm before settling on science at the University of Copenhagen, is the inventor of electric and optic devices and the creator of popular games and puzzles. "I am a typical specialist because it is the same twist of mind which emerges in all these things—but with different materials. They are all part of one philosophical, scientific orientation." Currently doing a book about the "semantic lore of atomic physics, the human aspect of the scientific discoveries," he hopes "to go on writing more about things I like and less about topics influenced by breadwinning considerations . . . I feel rather like a mole in the earth who every once in a while has to go around a big stone."—R. G.

Reich" was caused only by the betrayal of Goebbels, Himmler, Bormann, Ley, and the others, as well as of the Hitler of later days. The "idea," Rosenberg's fuzzy, nebulous, abstruse, and involved philosophy of "Blood and Honor," of the "race soul as the revolutionary achievement of youth," this idea remains great. Rosenberg shouts loudly that it has been misused by small men ("Himmler was the evil symbol of that") and that the "Mythus" is still sacred. National Socialism, we learn, is an "ideal of blood-conditioned cultural cleanliness" and the day will come when in Germany "the grandchildren of the present generation will be ashamed of the fact that we have been accused as criminals for having harbored a most noble thought."

It would be easy to dismiss the "noble thought" and such prophecies as childish and silly. But most people felt that way about Rosenberg's editorials in the Nazi daily *Voelkischer Beobachter*, whose editor he became in 1921. And even at Nuremberg Justice Robert Jackson said that Rosenberg's writing "in addition to other sins, had the supreme one of boredom." We must remember that Rosenberg's violent, arrogant, and vague ideas of Nordic hegemony over Europe for Germany, his insane desire to destroy all powers outside of Nazism, be it Christian love or Roman philosophy, humanitarianism, Judaism, or Free-Masonry, had once swept many millions of Germans off their feet, even hundreds of university professors. It was Rosenberg who inculcated the German youth with a nihilistic longing for death, whose pronounced imperialistic ambitions shaped the foreign policies of the Nazi Party, who coined slogans such as "Blood and Honor" or "Prussian militarism the basis for molding the ruler type of any state whatever." If these ideas won millions of Germans twenty-five years ago, would it be different today when (according to public-opinion surveys) fifty-four per cent of interviewed Germans think that Nazism was in essence good and right, while perhaps poorly carried out in practice?

Two Swiss journalists have selected the most pertinent passages from Rosenberg's document, they have added brilliant annotations and a thoughtful analysis of the Nazi movement. A "Political Testament" forms the last chapter of the book. After the confused and bombastic "Mythus" it is a rather tame outline of the future constitution of a new German Reich. All citizens should have the right to organize in political parties and to hold meetings. This is a far cry from the one-party system. But how truly democratic this new Germany would be can be judged from Rosenberg's last words: "National Socialism went to pieces before it had a chance to become formed. I served it faithfully albeit with some blundering and human insufficiency. I shall remain true to it as long as I still live."

He was hanged on October 16, 1946. But is he really dead? Many observers believe that Hitler with his armies has lost his war, but that Rosenberg with his "philosophical crap" has not lost his by far. If only for this reason, the memoirs, although adding little new to what we know about Rosenberg's rise and fall, should be carefully studied.

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Fiction. *For some time critics have deplored the humorless violence with which our young writers have been attacking every aspect of American civilization. But the battle-axe and the broadsword have no sooner become worn-out weapons than the rapiers of irony and satire take their place. The first two reviews of this week record the renaissance of the American satirical novel, in John Horne Burns's "Lucifer with a Book" and in Howard Nemerov's "The Melodramatists." Both writers are ranked by our reviewers with older British novelists, Evelyn Waugh and Aldous Huxley. Mr. Nemerov's somewhat outrageous novel deals with the fate of two wealthy girls left in charge of a large Boston mansion; Mr. Burns's with an intelligent, sensitive teacher who sardonically surveys the evil and malice that surround a boys' private school.*

Puritanism, Evil, and Malice

LUCIFER WITH A BOOK. By John Horne Burns. New York: Harper & Bros. 1949. 340 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by MAXWELL GEISMAR

THIS is John Horne Burns's second novel. His first, "The Gallery," was considered by many critics, including the editors of the *SRL*, as the best war novel of 1947. Some of these critics are going to be disappointed by "Lucifer with a Book." Yet I would guess that it is still an unusual novel in its own area. It is highly entertaining, and it carries forward some of the latent assumptions—and perhaps the limitations—of the earlier book.

The point is that Mr. Burns is the closest thing to Evelyn Waugh or the early Aldous Huxley that we have seen lately. His sense of reality is narrow and in some respects inadequate. But his sense of farce, or of satire on a grand scale, is remarkable. The first indication of this in "Lucifer with a Book" is the appointment of the new headmaster for the preparatory school which has just been endowed with four million dollars. Mr. Pilkey and the two Mrs. Pilkeys are a repulsive trio. They may represent the split between a muscular Christianity and the artistic spirit in the United States, but in any case they are absolutely mad; as are almost all of the other memorable characters in the novel.

Here, with one weird leap, the novel moves out of the realm of probability into that of fantasy and farce. What is deceptive—and valuable—about "Lucifer with a Book" is that it has all the trappings of normalcy, so that its flights of fancy still carry an element of probability and of social satire. The academy which Mr. Pilkey runs is an upper-middle-class institution for the children of the rich. Mr. Burns's hero, Guy Hudson, is a veteran with typical problems of "adjustment" to his teaching, although to accept the standards of the academy is obviously another act of lunacy. The heroine, Betty Blanchard, is a lovely ex-WAC who finds herself gradually becoming more malicious and hysterical in an atmosphere of academic peace and progress.

But all this is merely to pacify and render us vulnerable to the real achievements of the novel. There is Herman Pilkey, the loutish son of the headmaster, who fondles the more obvious charms of his Southern bride at faculty tea parties. Herman is usually drunk, but he is worse sober. There is "Buddy" Brown, a Nordic adolescent, complete with bubble gum, vest-pocket radio, and a well-developed sense of sadism. There are the other members of the faculty and student body, the day-by-day description of the school year, and, as a climax to the book, the Spring Prom. This is simply a pagan fertility rite conducted on the principle of big business.

The difference between "Lucifer with a Book" and the novels of Evelyn Waugh obviously rests in the fact that Mr. Burns has a hero who is trying to achieve some sort of decent life for himself. Yet I must add that the central love affair of the novel, through which Guy Hudson finally realizes the difference between sex and love, is not altogether convincing. What is apparent, however, just as in the English sophisticates, is the dominant sexuality of the novel, and a sexuality that finds expression in harsh and even violent terms. There is an inverted Puritanism in Mr. Burns's work, and a remarkably sophisticated sense of evil and malice.

It is sometimes difficult, indeed, to distinguish between Mr. Burns's own reactions toward American life and character and those of his less admirable literary figures. One feels here something of the inadvertent snobbishness that marked the "esthetic" novels of the 1920's, even when the author is taking off snobbishness that is a little less obvious. I think some of this was also evident in "The Gallery," and the direction of Mr. Burns's future work remains to be seen. Meanwhile you can read "Lucifer with a Book" for entertainment on a high level, and as an instance of genuine talent among the new writers.

—*Edna Douthat.*

John Horne Burns—"the closest thing to Evelyn Waugh or the early Aldous Huxley that we have seen lately."

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 301

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 301 will be found in the next issue.

ACLBL NEMFKGPO LPRF,

KCLBL RGOPGKT NLOGPF.

TESPO —— PGOCK KCESOCKF

———

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 300

A goosegirl ermined is a goosegirl still and geese will gabble everywhere she goes.

—DOROTHY REID.

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Two Fall from Grace

THE MELODRAMATISTS. By Howard Nemerov. New York: Random House. 1949. 338 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by HARRISON SMITH

IT is with some trepidation that the conscientious reviewer opens the first novel of a young American who has won some recognition for his poetry and for short stories and essays that could not have been published in any of the mass-circulation magazines. As an editor of the magazine *Furioso*, he might be considered one of the leaders of that group of youthful writers whose doleful and angry approach to the American scene and whose obsession with despair have been attacked by several critics, including the writer of this review. On the jacket of his book Mr. Nemerov asserts that he is "dignified, commonplace, and thoroughly middle-class," but there is certainly nothing commonplace either in his manner of thought or in his talents as an entertaining and somewhat satanic satirist of American life and morals.

"The Melodramatists" is, in fact, the kind of novel we have been hoping for a long time would finally emerge from one of our new writers. It is inevitable that it will be compared with some of the work of Evelyn Waugh and Aldous Huxley, though Mr. Nemerov is by implication more serious than the first writer and less abstruse than the second, at least as Mr. Huxley is revealed in his later books. It should be stated at the outset that "The Melodramatists" is an unblushingly shocking novel, though none of its more carnal scenes are visualized, and it might well be considered profane by those who think that religion or the science of psychiatry are not proper subjects for high comedy.

The story, apart from its grotesque and delicate embroideries, can be easily summarized. It has to do with the fall from grace by separate paths of the two daughters of Nicholas Boyne when that head of a large and opulent Boston mansion was sent away with the girls' mother to an institution for the elderly insane. In the first chapter Nicholas's son vanishes by joining the Canadian Army, and does not return until the end, when he finds his dignified home turned momentarily into a brothel and his adulterous wife in the arms of his best friend.

This leaves Susan and Claire to pursue their separate paths, unhindered by advice or chaperonage. Susan, sleek and beautiful, had the self-sufficiency of a tame cat. With ease and rapidity she was seduced by her amorous and elderly psychiatrist. Dr. Einman was a charlatan, to be sure, but there is enough resemblance between his lush verbal use of the more abstrusely morbid sins of the flesh and the conversational byplay of a few living psychiatrists in their unguarded moments, to give this repulsive and loveless man a sort of pathetic reality.

Her more saintly and perhaps frigid sister, Claire, contemplates Susan's downfall with horror, and the sight of the doctor leaving her sister's bedroom after midnight leaves her in an emotional state that induces her to find a more intellectual ecstasy in prayer. Since she is attracted to the Catholic faith by the conceptions of divine love, sin, and redemption, she accepts a scholarly priest as her tutor. The Bishop himself finally takes notice of this lonely and wealthy convert and uses the almost empty house to the advantage of Christian charity. The charity that is unhappily selected, the correction and salvation of "fallen women," leads to the satirically tragic ending, which is as absurd and as naughty, since the reader has been absorbing discourses and arguments on virtue and piety, as can be imagined.

"The Melodramatists" is true satire, written in the spirit of comedy, and it deals with sacred and profane love in terms that are not unfamiliar to the readers of many modern novels. Mr. Nemerov perhaps discourses sometimes at too great length on his store of knowledge of almost everything from music to religious literature and black magic. But his display of verbal fireworks, or mental gymnastics, if you please, cannot disguise the essential humanity and brilliance of this book.

—*Paul Weller.*

Alfred Hayes—"images of wind, cold, and loneliness."

Italy and Its Liberators

THE GIRL ON THE VIA FLAMINIA. By Alfred Hayes. New York: Harper & Bros. 1949. 215 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by SIEGFRIED MANDEL

ALFRED HAYES'S new book repeats the scene and, in a large measure, repeats the success of his first novel, "All Thy Conquests." Again wartime Italy and her swaggering conquistatori are at odds.

In the background are soldiers of all the various armies representing the Allied Forces, and a confused people with a disorganized government. From this familiar pattern there comes to life, in a brief and poignant fashion, several simple people who can only helplessly watch things happen; for they cannot fight back at something which is too big and complicated for them even to understand.

As one character comments, all that is left to do in Italy is to drink, to make love, and to survive. Many individuals survive on the barest minimum, some by black-market deals, and still others by selling their bodies. But, no matter how brutal their life has become, the people somehow continue to cling to it, almost apologetically. There are few avenues of escape from the dismal present, and the pretty girls dream of marrying an American knight in khaki who will take them away from the darkness and misery of Europe to live happily ever after in the United States.

Lisa is an Italian girl who finds that her very last resort is an arrangement with Robert, an American soldier. This private yearns for a clean room and a clean girl to sleep with in exchange for his PX wealth. However, unsuspected complications develop, not the least of which is Lisa's sense of guilt and shame.

A kind of nostalgia seems to debilitate every character in this novel. The old people pine for their world which has been washed away, while the younger generation has little on which to base a faith in the future. Mamma Pulcini, the landlady of the house on the Via Flaminia, tells Lisa to escape if she can. We learn little about Lisa's past but the indecencies and humiliations which the present heaps upon her are shocking enough. The wounded Antonio, Mamma Pulcini's son, who had fought with the defeated Italian Army, looks on with impotent anger as the foreign liberators make themselves at home with his country's women and the city's

(*Continued on page* 32)

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Belles-Lettres.

Two of the most picturesque figures in our literature are featured in books of the week. Gertrude Stein, whose posthumous "Last Operas and Plays" is reviewed below by Ben Ray Redman, was always a baffling but amusing enigma to her fellow Americans. Did she perpetrate a gigantic fraud on a gullible following, or did she have a genuine talent and something to say to her generation? Mr. Redman offers some comments that will help readers answer those questions for themselves. The equally fabulous GBS is celebrated in "Sixteen Self Sketches" and "Days with Bernard Shaw," two books that will add to the already large body of Shavian lore. Because of the delight they find in regarding Shaw as a colorful and superbly witty nonagenarian, Americans run the danger of forgetting that he is also one of the greatest writers in the history of English literature.

Word-Intoxicated Woman

LAST OPERAS AND PLAYS. By Gertrude Stein. Edited and with an introduction by Carl Van Vechten. New York: Rinehart & Co. 1949. 480 pp. $5.

Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

HERE are nineteen "operas and plays," written by Gertrude Stein between 1917 and 1945, and printed from manuscripts "in the vast collection of Steiniana in the Yale Museum." Donald Gallup, curator of the Collection of American Literature in the Yale University Library, is "responsible for the collation of the typed copies of these plays with the original manuscripts," while Carl Van Vechten, in his role of master of ceremonies, has provided an introduction which briefs us on Miss Stein's playwriting career and, so far as they are known and interesting, on the originating circumstances of the individual works which this volume holds.

We have here, in short, a book that has been put together with scholarly and loving care, with complete seriousness, and a belief that the doing of the job was well worth while. Yet it is a safe bet at almost any odds, I think, that all but Miss Stein's most devoted admirers will condemn this collection as a scandalous waste of paper, printer's ink, and binder's cloth. And there are strong reasons for such a judgment; reasons that can, indeed, be countered only by oblique arguments. It is true that the bulk of the writing in this book is, in the most exact meaning of the word, nonsense. It is true that Miss Stein was never more wilfully, more brazenly nonsensical than she was while writing most of these pieces. It is true that, with the notable exception of "Yes Is for a Very Young Man"—and including "Four Saints in Three Acts," the complete text of which is now published for the first time in America—these so-called plays and operas are nothing of the sort. But, even so, the waste of substance and editorial time may not be complete. The volume before us is well made. It will survive, surely, as a literary curiosity; and such things are worth having for their own amusing sake. But it will also survive as an important document in what may well come to be known as The Strange Case of Gertrude Stein,—the case of a born writer, a word-intoxicated woman, who exerted an important influence on other and more successful writers, but who seldom came upon subjects that really interested her sufficiently to make her submit her beloved and wayward words to rational discipline.

It is probable that no one else has ever written so much, while saying so little. But she proved at the beginning of her career, with "Three Lives," that she could write clearly enough when she had something to say, when she wished to communicate; and she proved it again, towards the end of her life, with "Wars I Have Seen." Reviewing the latter book in these pages four years ago, I said that Gertrude Stein's great virtue, despite her fame as an obscure and difficult author, was "her simplicity, her amazing, utter simplicity. Few writers have ever dared to be, or have ever been able to be, as simple as she. As simple as a child, pointing straight, going straight to the heart of a subject, to its roots; pointing straight, when and where adults would take a fancier way than pointing, because they had learned not to point." Time has not changed my opinion. But, of course, the simplicity of which I spoke has literary value only when it is rational and comprehensible. There is plenty of verbal simplicity in "Last Operas and Plays." There are innumerable direct statements, made with an appearance of childlike candor. But the sum of them is irrational and incomprehensible, whenever we try to add them up into either large or small units.

Miss Stein possessed, to a remarkable degree, what T. S. Eliot has called "auditory imagination . . . the feeling for syllable and rhythm, penetrating far below the conscious levels of thought and feeling, invigorating every word . . ." But she was content as a rule to let this imagination fol-

Summer, Be Slow

By Dilys Bennett Laing

SUMMER, be slow to stifle this perfection.
The bare woods are so beautiful, and show
through the thin grille of twigs, in each direction.
the sliding distance and the hill of snow.

The wood now is a birdcage in the breeze.
Its stripped, frail netting lets the eye, as much
as any bird, go searching through the trees.
The wood has August at its fingers' touch

yet holds through April to the rim of June
wedges of winter: snow that binds next summer
to last December, so to importune
time not to toss all to the latest comer.

Sun's warmth we crave—illusion of the south
on north-chilled flesh. But nothing of July,
though it cram strawberries in the willing mouth,
can feed, as April can, the starving eye.

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low its own sweet whims, free of either intellectual or artistic control; she consistently refused to perform the fully conscious "critical labor" of which Eliot also speaks, without which words must remain only words. It is customary to describe her as a tireless verbal experimenter, but I think the truth is that she was happy to let words have their way with her, rather than insistent upon having her way with them. She gave words their heads, and delighted to watch them run; run on and on, multiplying under her hand, as they were begotten by free association and the suggestions of rhyme and rhythm. It is plain that this activity amused her greatly, and also afforded her some kind of psychic relief—a relaxation of tensions at which one can only guess. It was for her a necessary and private business, which would probably never have become public, under the imprint of established publishers, had it not been for Miss Stein's powerful and engaging personality. Without that personality to push them —at first within, and then beyond, the limits of a coterie—her writings would almost certainly have failed to make their own way.

We, too, can find amusement in the verbal marches, maneuvers, acrobatics, and orgies with which Gertrude Stein entertained herself. But—again with the exception of "Yes Is for a Very Young Man"—few readers will be amused by more than a few pages of her last book at any one sitting. As she herself has declared, "Anybody can get impatient with an aurora borealis."

Gertrude Stein: "Anyone can get impatient with an aurora borealis"

GBS by Propagandist and Dreamer

SIXTEEN SELF SKETCHES. By Bernard Shaw. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1949. 207 *pp.* $3.50.

DAYS WITH BERNARD SHAW. By Stephen Winsten. New York: The Vanguard Press. 1949. 327 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by HESKETH PEARSON

THE art of Boswell is certainly the rarest and possibly the most difficult art in the world. There are about a hundred first-rate novels, histories, plays, to one first-rate biography. The main reason for this is that very few people are as keenly interested in others as in themselves, and still fewer are capable of seeing others or themselves with the passionate impartiality necessary to an imaginatively truthful record.

Neither Mr. Shaw nor Mr. Winsten has the Boswellian temperament, the first because he wishes to impose upon his readers an unlikeness that appeals to his vanity, the second because he wishes to soothe himself with an idealistic picture of a favorite philosopher. In other words, Shaw is a propagandist, Winsten a dreamer. The portrait that emerges from the latter's book resembles the Vicar of Wakefield, over whose sentimental story Shaw as dramatic critic "drowned the Lyceum carpet with tears" fifty years ago. It leaves the impression of a simple and charming old gentleman who loves birds and cats and flowers, pats little children on the head and gives them sweets, has cozy chats with his parishioners, carries flowers to his wife's grave, chirps upon his way, and radiates benevolence in every direction. There is nothing about this saintly soul to which anyone could take the smallest exception; his manner is gentle, his personality harmonious, his speech soporific. The picture is very agreeable, if somewhat fatuous, and has everything to recommend it except truth. Even Shaw has been moved to protest against this Virgilian figure because it does not square with the portrait of himself that he is constantly touching up for the public benefit. Nor is it in the least like the Shaw with whose works and personality I have been familiar for the last thirty-five years.

The further elaboration of Shaw's self-portrait in the sixteen sketches now collected tells us very little that we did not know before. Much of it has already appeared in other people's books; much is repetitive; but there are two novelties. From some letters which his father wrote to his mother when he was one year old, we learn that he caused as much uneasiness in the domestic world as he was later to provoke in the worlds of politics and the theatre. He was an unruly and outrageous child, who roared like a bull when he did not get what he wanted, pulled his hat to pieces, and signified an early contempt for journalism by tearing the newspaper to bits. One day he fell out of bed on his head; but most babies seem to be made of rubber, and he took it in his bounce. On another occasion he fell backwards off the kitchen table, his head going slap through a window-pane and hitting the iron bar outside. If his experiences in the ensuing ten years resembled those at the age of one, we are not surprised that he became a dramatist.

But the only novelty of any importance in the book is what Shaw describes as a shameful secret, which he has kept all his life, not even confiding it to his wife. As he had learned nothing at the Wesleyan school which he attended as a boy, he was taken away from it at the age of twelve and sent to a school where the pupils were the children of lower-middle-class Catholic shopkeepers, whom he had always been taught to despise. He instantly lost caste, being ignored by the friends he had made at the Protestant school, who treated him as a social leper. After seven months of it he struck, and was sent to another Protestant school, where he continued to learn nothing, but

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regained his self-respect. For eighty years he has been unable to mention this shocking episode in his life, he says, "yet now that I have broken through the habit of ashamed silence, and made not only a clean breast of it but a clear brain, I am completely cured." It reminds one of Charles Dickens's degrading experience in the blacking warehouse, and psychoanalysts will reap a harvest from this Shavian revelation.

Shaw likes to see himself as a missionary, not as a man, and so does not take an interest in all those "quips and cranks and wanton wiles" which are the raw material of biography. As an excuse for not writing an autobiography, he now states that ninety-nine-point-nine per cent of him is the same as everyone else, and he cannot pick out or describe the point-one per cent that differs from other human beings. This is what P. G. Wodehouse would call the pure banana oil of the propagandist. In a Socialist state human beings have to be treated alike, so it pleases Socialists to pretend that everyone requires a like treatment: in other words, that people are all the same. Such is the cant of our time; whereas the truth is that people are as dissimilar as their tastes, their beliefs, their reactions, and their fingerprints. Shaw also declares that he is not interesting biographically because he has never killed anyone and has had no physical adventures. This notion that a melodramatic career provides material for a good book is contradicted by every first-class biography in literature. He is mistaking biographies for "thrillers," the art of Boswell for the craft of Edgar Wallace. According to him, the man who wades through slaughter to a throne or carves his way through a jungle of wild beasts is a more interesting subject for biography than a great artist, a great seer, or a great inventor. The very opposite is the truth. It is difficult to recall a single man of action who has inspired a great "life"; but one can think without pausing of a dozen writers and talkers whose memoirs have become a part of literature.

I once discussed this point with Shaw, but it is clear from his latest

GBS—"A shameful secret."

book that my words fell on deaf ears. I had been asked to write a life of Sir James Barrie, and while toying with the offer I wrote to Shaw for his personal memories of Barrie. He sent them, but added, "I fancy Barrie was rather conscious of the fact that writers have no history and consequently no biography, not being men of action." When next we met I brought up the subject and said, "What goes on in the mind is far more adventurous and exciting than what happens to the body."

"That may be," he replied, "and as all my mental adventures will be found in my works, there's no need for a biography."

"But there's a great deal you've had to leave out of your works, and a great deal in your works that can only be explained by a knowledge of your life and character," I said. "And the fact remains that the really great biographies are about thinkers, not doers."

Challenged to name them, I mentioned Plato's Socrates.

"Plato invented Socrates," said he.

"Did Xenophon invent him too?" I asked. "He gives a more vivid portrait than Plato."

"It's the Socrates of Plato that everyone knows."

"Well, what about Dr. Johnson?"

"A creation of Boswell's."

"Then there must have been a crowd of great creators busy on him," I retorted, "because many people reproduced his conversation quite as well as Boswell."

"But it is Boswell's picture that survives."

It was useless to prolong the argument, because Shaw acts on the principle: Never argue, repeat your assertion. Which, of course, is the great stand-by of prophets and utopians.

But I must not dismiss this astonishing nonagenarian on a harsh note. Though he objects to anecdotes and small talk, he knows as well as I do that they constitute the flesh and blood of biography. While I was writing his life he was constantly reproving me for reporting trivialities like the following, which I had to omit: At a rehearsal of one of his plays he advised an experienced actor to pass behind the table at a particular moment; at the next rehearsal he advised him to pass in front of it. "But, Mr. Shaw, you told me yesterday to go behind the table," said the actor. "Oh, did I? Well, that just shows the danger of paying any attention to what I say." Yet when Shaw read my biography of him in the final proof, he remarked that the critics, if they were intelligent enough, would say, "This is not classical biography: it is gossip." And he advised me to give the truthful answer: "That is exactly what classical biography is."

Which shows that he does not really believe a murderer or a gangster to be the best subject for a "life," especially as his new book, though lacking the gusto of GBS, is all about Bernard Shaw.

Hesketh Pearson left the London stage in 1931 to devote his time to the writing of biography. His life of Bernard Shaw is generally acknowledged to be the best on its subject.

God Is a Brazilian

By James E. Asper

HERE where the bronzed Carioca curves his form
Swimming to the rhythm of the wave-slash
Breathe the fulness of life, let the sea
There is a fever and coolness interspersed
In the white fire of the sunglow,
The death-blue of the sea baptizing,
Ash-green strata below Corcovado's slopes.
Here below the shadow of the Mosaic Christ,
Breathe the fulness of life, let the sea
Murmur its secrets, relax your weight to the land.
Listen to the musing warm wind whisper
Among egg-shaped mountains along the necklace shore—
"This is God. God is a Brazilian."

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Workouts for Writers

HERSCHEL BRICKELL

A DECADE ago Carl Carmer, after serving as a member of the staff of a new-born writers' conference, that of the University of New Hampshire, wrote an article for *SRL* in which he expressed considerable pessimism concerning the value of the efforts of writers to teach would-be writers.

There were those who immediately raised their voices in defense of these interesting experiments in adult education, which could probably not take place in any other country except ours. (At least, they never have up to now, except for one meeting at the University of Puerto Rico in 1941, and this was attributable to continental influences.)

The record is on the side of Mr. Carmer's opponents, for the past few years have seen many conferences established with success, and all of them seem to be serving the customers sufficiently well to guarantee their survival. As for the New Hampshire Conference, it is now in its eleventh year, and as much a part of the summer activities around Durham as any other branch of an active university.

One of the notable events of the coming summer will be the first session of a conference at Marlboro College, Marlboro, Vermont, devoted entirely to fiction and the first of its kind. It will be under the directorship of John Farrar, who was the first director and one of the founders of the oldest of all the conferences, that at Bread Loaf.

Bread Loaf's first session was in 1925, making it the pioneer by a good many years. It was an outgrowth of the Middlebury College Summer School of English, which had been held for a number of years on top of one of the most beautiful mountains in the world before it produced its now famous offshoot.

I asked John Farrar and the present director of Bread Loaf, Theodore Morrison, who has had charge of the conference since 1932, for their recollections of how the institution came to be born, and they are in substantial agreement as to the facts. Mr. Farrar, a native Vermonter, had served for several years on the faculty of the School of English during the regime of the late Paul Moody as president of Middlebury, when the college made long strides toward its present high position.

It seems that in 1925 it appeared desirable to keep the famous Bread Loaf Inn open for an additional two weeks after the six weeks' course of the School of English had been completed. Since Mr. Farrar, with others, had long dreamed of a meeting of writers to discuss their common problems, he, with the full cooperation of President Moody, seized the opportunity.

Robert Frost, who for a number of years now has owned a farm at Ripton, only a short distance down the mountain from Bread Loaf, also took part in the plans from the start, although Mr. Farrar recalls that Mr. Frost was not altogether happy over the arrangements for the first session, and did not join the staff until 1926. He has never left it since.

What Mr. Frost wanted, Mr. Farrar recalls, was a gathering of writers, to meet under the trees and talk, and while such informal meetings have been characteristic of conferences ever since, Mr. Farrar and others felt that more formal courses were needed, if the students were to get the most for their money.

Long ago the Bread Loaf Inn ceased to be a public hostelry, and is now opened two months in the summer to serve solely as the headquarters for the School of English and the Writers Conference. Mr. Farrar, after getting the conference under way, was succeeded by Grant Overton as director and then by Robert M. Gay. After Mr. Gay came Mr. Morrison, who is now the doyen of conference directors, with seventeen years of continuous service behind him.

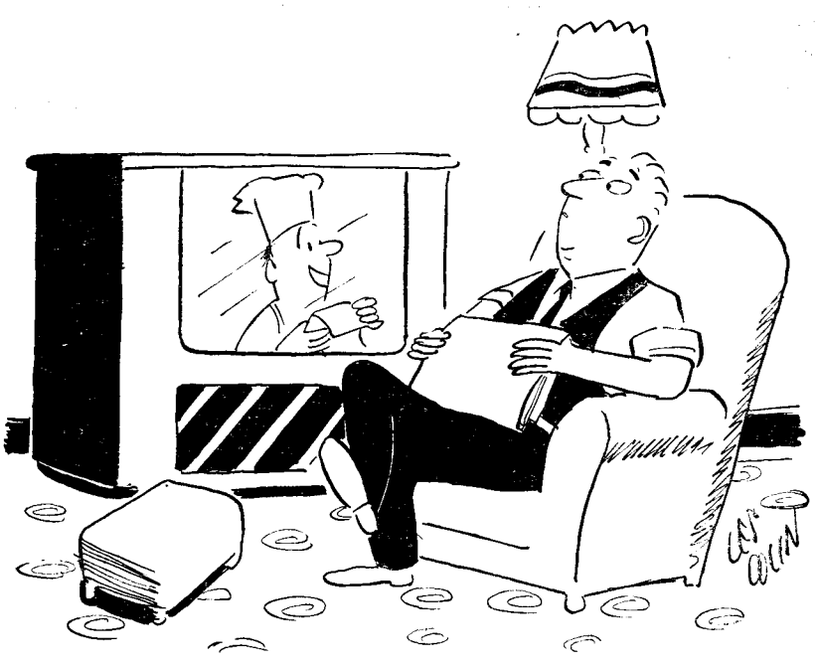
Among the early staff members and lecturers at Bread Loaf were Edith Mirrielees, Hervey Allen, Fanny Butcher, Bernard DeVoto, Jean Wick, Gorham Munson, Ted Weeks, Margaret Widdemer, Archibald MacLeish, Julia Peterkin, Louis Untermeyer, Robison Bailey, Ray and Helen Everitt, John Gassner, Walter Prichard Eaton, and many others.

For years now, Bread Loaf has had to set a limit on attendance and the present plans call for seventy-five auditors and fifty contributors. Mr. Morrison tells me that applications are usually double the capacity of the conference. In recent years several scholarships have been available, which have gone to young writers of accomplishment. These Fellows, as they are called, have acted as staff assistants, in addition to taking part in special discussions with the teachers.

THE Writers Conference in the Rocky Mountains, held at the University of Colorado at Boulder, was started in 1930 by Edward Davison, and ran until 1942, when it suspended activities. It reopened in 1947 under the direction of Harry Shaw of Harper & Bros., and after two successful seasons passed under the directorship of William Wilson.

In 1937 Carroll S. Towle, then assistant professor of English, now in charge of the English Department, and his wife, Dorothy, started the University of New Hampshire Conference. A number of the veterans of the

(Continued on page 35)



"Due to a typographical error, my last broadcast should have read: *toadstools* are poisonous, while mushrooms . . ."

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The Best-Seller Controversy

EDITOR'S NOTE: *This week* SRL *combines its* EDITORIAL *and* LETTERS TO THE EDITOR *pages. In the last issue we devoted this space to the article "Bogus Best Sellers" by Roland Gelatt. Both* The New York Times *and the* New York Herald Tribune, *whose best-seller lists were under discussion in that article, have been invited by the editors to state their position on the points made in "Bogus Best Sellers." As of press time we have received only the reply by the* Times, *which is published on this page in order to give it the same prominence enjoyed by the original article. We also publish comments on the controversy by several leading members of the publishing industry.*

SIR: The article published in *SRL* of March 26 under the title "Bogus Best Sellers" contains so much inaccuracy and such false implication about *The New York Times* that we ask you to publish this statement in correction.

The title suggests that *The New York Times* Sunday Book Review is engaged in some sort of dishonest enterprise when it assembles information from around the country on what books are selling best.

This is our claim for the chart, stated every Sunday at the head of the listing: "An analysis based on reports from leading booksellers in thirty-four cities, showing the sales rating of sixteen leading fiction and general titles, and their relative standing over the past three weeks."

The reports from book stores on which the chart is based come from those cities which, according to the best available information, are the leading book-buying cities of the country; and the particular book stores selected are those—125 in number—which do the largest volume of business in these cities. The number of stores selected from each city is determined by book sales, population, and reading public and is changed from time to time in an effort to keep the listing accurate.

Each week *The New York Times* correspondents in these thirty-four cities wire to the *Times* the booksellers' reports on the five leading fiction titles and the five leading non-fiction titles for the previous week. The first title reported is credited with five points, the next, four, and so on—three, two, and one. Then a weighting is made to take account of the fact that some book stores—especially those in the larger cities—sell more books than others.

The sixteen books with the highest totals in each of the two categories, fiction and non-fiction, are selected for the chart. Volumes published between soft covers, reprints, and new editions of long-time favorites are not listed; only new titles in recognized book form are included.

Therefore:

1) It is not true "that the figures are obtained from relatively few stores in relatively few cities";
2) It is not true "that the figures are compiled without reference to the most elementary rules of statistical sampling, weighting, and analysis";
3) From 1) and 2), it follows that it is not true that "the system invites a chain reaction of inaccuracies."

You make much of the point that "Many book stores do not keep an accurate count of titles sold" and you suggest that some booksellers "consistently report those titles which they *need* to sell rather than those which actually are selling well." Inasmuch as no names of book shops are given in the *Times* list, there are no discernible reasons why, in reporting to us, any bookseller should resort to this kind of questionable practice. The *Times* brings no pressure of any kind on booksellers.

We are aware of the problems connected with gathering information by surveys and have only recently, after detailed analysis of our methods, increased the number of cities from which reports are obtained and also the number of stores within the cities. There is a continuing effort to check reporting sources and to correct weighting as circumstances change.

We are not alone in thinking that our selection of these stores is representative. Gilbert E. Goodkind, executive secretary of the American Booksellers Association, says, for example, "The particular stores selected to send in reports for *The New York Times* best-seller list are a representative group of stores throughout the country."

If you can devise a better system of compiling a best-seller list, we shall welcome it.

There is one other issue raised in your article; namely, whether the best-seller lists do not degrade the state of literature in the country. That is a debatable issue. The fact that we consider it debatable is shown clearly by our publication, with each best-seller list, of an additional table entitled "—And Bear in Mind." This is a listing of books which do not appear on the best-seller list but which our reviewers consider of "particular

Morning Worship

By Evelyn Ames

THE woman with a platter of poppies set on her hair
tilts her head this way and that
appraising her neighbors, reviewing just who is there.
In the air around her, words that never die—
that are only laid away in the tomb of silence—
rise again.
Called forth by today's disciple,
the spirit that formed them rolls back the stone of Time
and speaks to us, now as then.
A few know Mary's surprise in the garden that morning,
but briefly, in shadow: the vision is scattered away
among young girls' dreams, the planning of busy men,
the preoccupations of wives.
The quivering poppies, blatant and red and hot,
divert the alighting dove of attention:
we are in the presence of angels and know them not.

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literary, topical, or scholarly interest."

You close your article with the words: "Let's have the real facts—good, bad, or indifferent." Yet your reporter failed to ask for any of the foregoing facts, which he could have had for the asking. That is not good journalism as we know it.

HERBERT LYONS,
Acting Book Review Editor,
The New York Times.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The letter from* The New York Times *calls for comment:*

1. *"Dishonest enterprise"?* The article "Bogus Best Sellers" made it very clear that the indisputable inaccuracies in best-seller statistics were not caused by any particular group, but rather were the result of the best-seller "system" itself. Nowhere in this article is there any implication that a newspaper has wilfully jockeyed facts or used pressure to arrive at a desired conclusion.

2. *Extent of coverage.* Mr. Lyons writes that the *Times* draws its reports from thirty-four cities. He neglects to state that until several weeks ago twenty-two cities were represented. The increase in coverage began with the *Times* issue of March 20, 1949, or four days after "Bogus Best Sellers" went to press. Obviously, we had to base our analysis on past history, not on future possibilities.

3. *Weighting of figures.* The *Times* states that it weights its figures "to take account of the fact that some book stores . . . sell more books than others." Despite this, the *Times* best-seller lists have been found to contain notable inaccuracies. The conclusion would seem to be that the weighting as presently devised leaves something to be desired.

4. *Categories not included.* The *Times,* Mr. Lyons explains, excludes "soft cover" books and long-time favorites from its list. No such limitation is explained on the best-seller page. The list is merely titled "The Best Sellers"—which we take to be a most inclusive description.

5. *Wishful "best-sellers."* Mr. Lyons quotes our statement that "some booksellers consistently report those titles which they *need* to sell rather than those which actually are selling well," and then goes on to observe that "inasmuch as no names of book shops are given in the *Times* list, there are no discernible reasons why, in reporting to us, any bookseller should resort to this kind of questionable practice." We fail to see the relevance of this observation. If a particular title stands high on the *Times* best-seller list, its sales will be increased whether or not the names of the reporting book stores are printed.

The *Times* questions whether any temptation exists among interested outside persons to manipulate best-seller lists for their own ends. In this connection the following may be of interest. About a year ago *Variety* disclosed that motion-picture story editors "had been approached by a New York press agent who offered to put any volume they named on the best-seller lists for a very nominal fee." This press agent claimed that "by the judicious buying of 100 or so copies in selected book stores throughout the country he could heavily influence the reports on which lists are based." Under such circumstances the danger of questionable practices is readily apparent.

6. *Selection of reporting stores.* We agree in large part with the opinion of Gilbert E. Goodkind, executive secretary of the American Booksellers Association, quoted by Mr. Lyons. The fact remains, however, that Macy's, one of the country's largest booksellers, does not figure among the *Times'* reporting book stores. In connection with Mr. Goodkind's approbation we should like to draw our readers' attention to the statement from Robert Campbell, president of the American Booksellers Association, printed below.

7. *Devising a better system.* The *New York Times,* it is stated, will welcome a better system of compiling best-seller lists. In our article last week we made a few concrete suggestions for an Audit Bureau of Best Sellers. We are well aware of the difficulties involved in compiling accurate best-seller statistics. It is much more of a problem than determining the best-selling soap or automobile. For with books we are dealing with something much more personal and emotional. There is usually more occasion to distort the truth about books than about packaged desserts.

"By gad! 'The Bobbsey Twins in Vermont.'"

8. *"—And Bear in Mind."* We consider the feature "—And Bear in Mind" a fine complement to a best-seller list. Congratulations to *The New York Times* for tempering mass statistics with individual judgment.

9. *"Not good journalism"?* It is complained that our reporter "failed to ask for any facts." Roland Gelatt, who wrote "Bogus Best Sellers," spent almost a month in solid research, including detailed study and analysis of the best seller lists as they appeared over the period of a full year. He compared these lists alongside the actual sales figures.

We learn from Mr. Lyons's letter how the *Times* goes about compiling their statistics. We do not learn why

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these statistics have been known to go considerably astray. Of past errors in their best-seller lists (such as "The Seven Storey Mountain" incident which touched off *SRL*'s investigation) the *Times* makes no mention.

The editors still believe that the best-seller system as presently constituted invites a chain reaction of inaccuracies. —*SRL.*

* * *

SIR: About once a year the *SRL* can be counted on to nudge the publishing business into taking a frank look at itself. The article "Bogus Best Sellers" is just such a goad, and I think it's healthful and helpful.

Most if not all of the points made in this stimulating article are undoubtedly true. Best seller lists *are* frequently out of date; *are* frequently inaccurate; *are* often loaded against "practical books" and in favor of titles that are heavily overstocked in bookstores.

I question, however, the value of setting up what the *SRL* calls an "Audit Bureau of Best Sellers," principally because we feel that the expense involved would outweigh the usefulness of such a bureau. The Audit Bureau of Circulation (used by magazines and newspapers) performs the vital function of letting advertisers know how much circulation they are buying. To set up an Audit Bureau of Best Sellers would serve merely to overemphasize the importance of sales as a guide to reading.

Of course we agree that best-seller lists should be accurate, but can't that best be accomplished by the other means suggested in the article? Can't a pretty accurate picture be painted by restricting the reports to those stores whose cooperation is conscientious, by weighting the lists for geographical differences and differences in the size of stores reporting, and by speeding up the reporting? Most important of all, can't the reports be checked and adjusted against the publishers' own sales figures? Show business went through something like this some time ago, until they found that publication of complete and accurate box-office figures stimulated the whole industry. I'm sure that most publishers would have no hesitancy about giving out figures to anyone who publishes a bona fide best-seller list. Certainly Doubleday wouldn't.

One more thing: Congratulations to *SRL* for stirring up the animals.

KEN MCCORMICK,
Editor-in-Chief,
Doubleday & Co., Inc.

* * *

SIR: We were delighted here with your courageous editorial on best-seller lists, which has brought out in the open a problem that has plagued the publishing business for as long as any of us can remember.

The industry as a whole agrees that best-seller lists do great harm in concentrating attention on a relatively small and not necessarily worthy group of books, to the detriment of literature and learning as a whole. However, best-seller lists have played such a part in American publishing that the hope of eliminating them entirely seems vain. Our only recourse, therefore, is to make them as accurate as possible, and you have most ably pointed out the sound statistical approach which could accomplish this.

The particular instance which we seized upon in our *New York Times* advertisement of February 21 on "The Seven Story Mountain" represented such a palpable injustice that we felt it must be called to public attention. You have now presented the whole problem in such a way that it can no longer be ignored, and we want to express our deep appreciation.

EUGENE REYNAL,
Director of Trade Dept.,
Harcourt, Brace & Co.

* * *

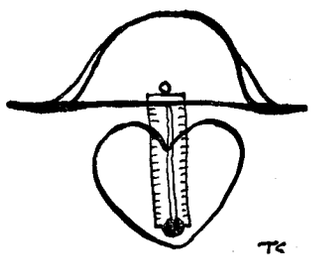
SIR: I am hastening to congratulate *SRL* on its excellent editorial "Bogus Best Sellers." I have long been at a loss to understand why booksellers and publishers alike tolerated the publication of these lists. Not only are they inaccurate and misleading, as your editorial indicates, but they do not help the distribution of books. I wish there were some way that the whole business of best-seller lists could be laughed out of existence, and I heartily agree with the bookseller whose letter you quote when he says, "The emphasis on best sellers is ridiculous from almost every standpoint." HOWARD C. LEWIS,
President and Sales Manager,
Dodd, Mead & Co.

SIR: It seems to me that Mr. Gelatt has presented a very interesting theory with reference to the so-called best-seller lists. There are one or two points that might have been added, one especially, and another which, I believe, might have been elaborated upon.

I think that the article might well have pointed out that misinformation in connection with best sellers might tend to encourage the public to buy a certain number of books that really aren't good enough to be pin-pointed as they are through being on the best-seller lists. Therefore, a customer who had been persuaded to buy a book because it was on the best-seller list and found after reading it that he considered it to be tripe might come off with the idea that it would be better to spend his money for entertainment other than "best sellers."

Another point that I feel should have been elaborated somewhat more in the article is—and this has been a long-standing hue and cry of mine—that book-club selections and best-seller lists put too much emphasis on too few books. I personally deplore the trend in the book world, which has been developing more and more over the last two decades, of emphasizing the importance of a few books, best sellers, and book-club selections, and forgetting about the many other

Atomic Age Fables



IV. Conversation in the Waxworks

IT has been verified by leading authorities that at noon and midnight the figures in the waxworks talk to one another at great length.

A qualified source reports the following conversation between the body of Napoleon lying in state and the upright figure of Julius Caesar standing near the Chamber of Horrors.

Said the figure of Julius Caesar at 12:00 A.M.: "They have allowed my armor to tarnish."

Said the body of Napoleon at 12:00 P.M.: "Damn your armor! My hand has slipped and it was the only warmth my heart ever had."

—J. S.

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worthy books which are published each year.

The January 22 issue of *Publishers' Weekly* indicates that there were 1,643 books of fiction published in the United States last year. Perhaps through his research in preparing his article, Mr. Gelatt knows how many books of fiction appeared on the best-seller lists, and perhaps he knows too the number of fiction titles which were adopted by the book clubs in the course of the calendar year 1948. If so, perhaps he could come up with the percentage of books that received the benefit of the emphasis of being on best-seller lists or book-club adoptions, and perhaps my contention that too much emphasis is being placed on too few books would then be borne out.

Most of the publishers in this country who specialize on keeping books in print, on keeping books going year after year once they have been established in the market, could, I think, have quite a lot of fun publicizing the titles on their respective lists which, based on Mr. Gelatt's figures, continue years after publication to sell more than the so-called best sellers. "Gone with the Wind" is one of the examples used by Roland Gelatt in his article.

Whether the newspapers of the country and the *SRL* like it or not, I have for some years been advocating not reducing advertising space or expenditures but rather of using the space, employing the expense, for the promotion of more titles. During the war when advertising was relatively unnecessary, when excess-profits taxes made it possible and desirable for publishers to take large advertisements, when publishers got in the habit of giving a new novel a whole page, there was really no immediate economic need for doing what they did, *i.e.*, taking full-page advertisements for one book. Since the war, book publishing having suffered so severely from the inflation with resulting diminishing profits, advertising is important. But it has been my contention that if all publishers would agree never to give more than half a page, say, to any one book, the result would be that they could more adequately advertise at least twice as many books as they could afford to advertise through continuing to give large space to new titles. Here again, if four titles were advertised on a page instead of one, four times as many books could be more adequately promoted, and again you would be getting away from the over-emphasis on too few books.

Furthermore, if the publishers generally agreed to this theory of advertising, none would be at a disadvantage. The more glamorous author would not necessarily get more space than the new author with great promise, and publishers would cease uselessly competing with each other for big space in connection with authors already well established.

GEORGE P. BRETT, JR.,
President,
The Macmillan Co.

* * *

SIR: I have just read that "Bogus Best Sellers" article, and I hope that you will not only give the author of it our congratulations, but also take a few congratulations for yourself and the staff for your courage in printing it. It is a sound piece and could not have been turned out overnight. I know that it has already attracted a great deal of attention, and I think its effect will snowball. I wonder if you could not get the American Booksellers Association to call it to its members' attention.

We have a similar example of an unrecognized best seller in the "Good Housekeeping Cookbook," the total sales of which over a period of some six years are now nudging the 1,500,000 copy mark, and which sold more than 150,000 copies last year alone (a revised edition comes out this week with an advance sale of over 100,000 copies). And the "Good Housekeeping Cookbook" has never appeared on any best-seller list as far as I can remember anywhere. I tell you this not because I am disturbed especially about the "Good Housekeeping Cookbook," but because I don't like the best-seller lists even when they are compiled with the most complete honesty.

FREDERICK RINEHART,
Vice President,
Rinehart & Co.

* * *

SIR: THE MATTER OF BEST-SELLER LISTS IS ONE THAT HAS NEEDED CLARIFYING FOR MANY YEARS. THE MAIN POINTS INVOLVED ARE:

1. SHOULD A BEST-SELLER LIST BE A GUIDE TO THE CUSTOMER IN PURCHASING BOOKS?

2. IS THE LIST OF ENOUGH VALUE TO JUSTIFY THE EXTRA CLERICAL WORK INVOLVED IN KEEPING AN ACTUAL RECORD OF BOOKS SOLD AND REPORTING ACCURATELY?

3. SHOULD ALL BOOKS BE INCLUDED OR SHOULD REFERENCE BOOKS SUCH AS INCOME-TAX GUIDES AND ALMANACS BE EXCLUDED? SHOULD BACK-LIST ITEMS SUCH AS "THE PROPHET" AND "THE ROBE" BE EXCLUDED?

I PERSONALLY FEEL THAT AN ACCURATE BEST-SELLER LIST IS VALUABLE TO THE BOOK TRADE AND TO THE CUSTOMERS, ESPECIALLY CUSTOMERS WHO HAVE NO BOOK STORE NEAR THEM AND ORDER BY PHONE OR MAIL.

ONE LOCAL PAPER RUNS TWO LISTS—BEST SELLERS THROUGHOUT THE NATION AND BEST SELLERS IN LOS ANGELES. I THINK THIS IS VERY INTERESTING TO LOCAL READERS. I HOPE THAT THE PRESENT INVESTIGATION RESULTS IN UNIFORM METHODS OF COMPILING BEST-SELLER LISTS SO THAT THE LIST IS ACTUALLY WHAT THE NAME IMPLIES.

R. B. CAMPBELL,
PRESIDENT,
AMERICAN BOOKSELLERS ASSOCIATION.

"Such good news from Ivan—he's been in Washington less than a year and already the Congress is promising to investigate him."

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Science. *Four weeks ago W. L. Laurence, who has twice won the Pulitzer Prize for his reports on scientific developments, wrote in these pages: "An enlightened and consecrated corps of science writers can play a highly important role in a democratic society in bringing science—and its vast social implications—closer to the people and the people closer to science, with inestimable benefits to both." The authors of the five books reviewed below may well subscribe to this credo. John J. O'Neill's "Engineering the New Age" is crammed with ideas that should help man to say "Yes" to the future. George Everson's "Story of Television" transcends the scope of its title, analyzing the relationship of the inventor to society. Dorothy Stimson's "Scientists and Naturalists" and Paul H. Oehser's "Sons of Science" are conscientious, readable histories of those two great promoters of scientific inquiry, the Royal Society and the Smithsonian Institution. Brian Curtis's "Life Story of the Fish" offers piscine lore brightly and authoritatively.*

TV Inventor and 10,000-Year Plan

THE STORY OF TELEVISION: The Life of Philo T. Farnsworth. By George Everson. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 1949. 266 *pp.* $3.75.

ENGINEERING THE NEW AGE. By John J. O'Neill. New York: Ives Washburn, Inc. 1949. 320 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by JOHN E. PFEIFFER

ATOMIC energy became a reality over Hiroshima in 1945, forty years after the possibility had been foreshadowed in the mass-energy equations of Einstein's special theory of relativity. The time lag would have been much greater without the accelerating influence of a world war. But during peacetime many things intervene to slow the process of applying scientific principles—technical difficulties, social resistance, patent fights, lack of financial backing. All these factors have played their parts in determining the pace of development in the most publicized of all our new enterprises, the industry of television.

"The Story of Television" is most valuable as a document that provides some insight into the anatomy of technological progress. It is not, as the title implies, a complete history of the industry, and—for the guidance of potential readers—it would have been fairer to use the present subtitle, "The Life of Philo T. Farnsworth." But taken in its framework, the book has a good deal to say, because its main figure is one of the pioneers in television research. The author, George Everson, first met Farnsworth in 1926. Everson was heading a community-chest campaign in Salt Lake City; the nineteen - year - old inventor - to - be wanted and obtained a job in the fund drive. In after-hours conversations the boy revealed some of the ideas that he'd developed during his high-school days.

A key television problem of those times was the design of an efficient scanning system. It was known that, to obtain clear pictures, the image to be televised had to be broken into a fine mosaic of more than 200,000 tiny squares, and the scanning device would have to "look" at each square in turn from left to right, line by line, the way you read the pages of a book. To give the illusion of motion at the receiving end the entire image would have to be scanned in a thirtieth of a second, which is roughly equivalent to reading a 400-page novel in one second flat.

At the time the inventor and the author met, engineers had been trying for nearly half a century to accomplish this trick mechanically, by the use of fast-spinning discs with perforations in them, each perforation being in effect a "keyhole" through which the light intensity of one small square of the image could be registered. But Farnsworth believed—and events since then have borne him out—that moving parts could never achieve the scanning speeds necessary for good television images, and that the whole thing would have to be done electronically. Everson was sufficiently impressed by the boy's knowledge to back him with $6,000 and later, as work progressed, other backers came into the picture.

Farnsworth had legal as well as technical troubles. During the depression his young company had to spend $30,000 and prepare mountains of documents in a patent fight with the Radio Corporation of America. Farnsworth had developed an electronic scanner known as the dissector tube; RCA claimed the device fell under patents it already held. The struggle dragged out for several years, but Farnsworth finally won the fight and obtained his first patent, which was followed by more than 100 others—and several equally wearing patent suits.

By May 1939 the battle had reached a stalemate. The young inventor had become head of the Farnsworth Television and Radio Corporation (which was underwritten the day before Hitler invaded Czechoslovakia), and controlled many important patents. So did RCA and, since neither side could get along without the other, they began to negotiate. The negotiations took five months. Farnsworth wanted to license his patents and receive royalties, but this ran counter to RCA's long-established policy of buying patents outright. Finally Otto

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

1. Campbell: "The Battle of the Baltic." 2. Carey: "Chronobotontholologos." 3. Longfellow: "Seaweed." 4. Tennyson: "Bugle Song." 5. Dryden: "Alexander's Feast." 6. Hood: "Miss Kilmansegg and Her Precious Leg." 7. Heber: "Holy, Holy, Holy." 8. Dobell: "Return." 9. Kipling: "Boots." 10. Peele: "Cupid's Curse." 11. Khayyam: "The Rubaiyat." 12. Middleton: "The Witch." 13. Ravenscroft: "Song from Deuteromelia." 14. Lindsay: "The Congo." 15. Dobell: "Return." 16. Noyes: "The Highwayman." 17. Herrick: "Cherry Ripe." 18. Poe: "The Bells." 19. Hickson: "Try and Try Again." 20. Shakespeare: "Song from Othello."

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Schairer—RCA's vice president in charge of patents—gave in. Everson's description of the last meeting is worth quoting: "Mr. Schairer led a group of top Radio Corporation officials into the conference room in Radio City. . . . When [he] finally signed the agreement, there were tears in his eyes. It was the first time that his signature had been placed on a contract whereby the Radio Corporation had to pay continuing royalties for the use of patents."

Such emotions, as well as the less dramatic technical worries of scientists and engineers, went into the development of television. The stereotyped Hollywood idea of the inventor, baffled until The Moment when he suddenly comprehends all nature's mysteries and emerges triumphant, is barren and superficial because scientific problems are only a part of the difficulty. Every inventor has to cope with his society, and Everson's book is a good case history of what happens in real life.

* * *

DURING the war Great Britain and the United States developed a technique which promises to have a more important effect on societies of the future than even the atom bomb, or its less-explored brighter side, atomic power. For the first time "the long-haired boys" were asked to go far beyond the design of a new weapon or countermeasures. Scientists and engineers helped in deciding broad matters of strategy and policy.

High-powered mathematics, involving probability theory and complex differential equations, were used on a large scale in the analysis of such problems as mass bombing, submarine warfare, and radar tactics. This work, which was known as Operations Research, can also be used in the solution of a variety of peacetime problems ranging from city planning and the conservation of natural resources to the more efficient pacing of industrial production.

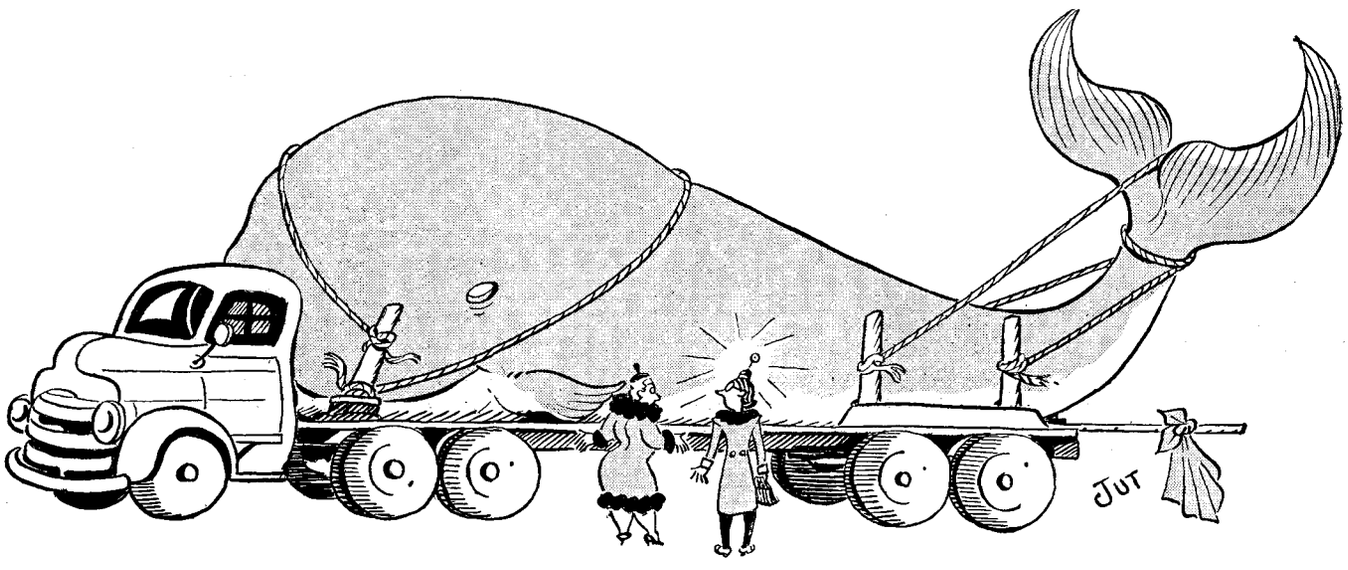
Unfortunately, as far as the United States is concerned, such problems are not being tackled by Operations Research or any other form of sophisticated scientific analysis. But considerable thinking is going into the waging of a third world war, and no one knows it better than John O'Neill, science editor of the *New York Herald Tribune*. His new book, "Engineering the New Age," is a positive and aggressive demand for an engineering approach to the future on a vast and challenging scale. It is a plea for planning—but planning far ahead, rather than on the basis of one or two Presidential terms.

Mr. O'Neill specifies his long-range ideas in an early chapter: "It is reasonable to assume that we desire to establish a civilization that will last for, let us say conservatively, 10,000 years—although it is really a mark of intellectual cowardice not to plan for 100,000 years." As he points out, long-term planning is nothing new. It took decades to build the walls of Babylon, the Pyramids, and other engineering projects of past dynasties. China's great Imperial Canal, which stretches for 825 miles from the mouth of the Hangchu River to Peiping, was a 200-year project. The implication is that 10,000 years is not too ambitious a time scale for a civilization that has a technology as far advanced as ours.

Tomorrow's planning would include the building of new and better cities. If the Empire State Building had been designed according to "ethical considerations and all the principles of biological hygiene," it would have been surrounded by an open plaza at least 950 feet in radius—and would not have added to current traffic problems. As a compromise in view of present congested conditions the author suggests a sort of three-shift system; business hours, 9:00 A.M. to 5:00 P.M., trucking away finished goods, 6:00 P.M. to midnight; bringing in supplies for the day's work, midnight to 7:00 A.M.

That O'Neill covers a host of further problems in flood control, education, agriculture, and highway planning is an indication of his ambitious attempt to synthesize the many facts and ideas he has come across during more than twenty years of science editing. This book includes so many suggestions and criticisms about so many vital matters that some points will inevitably be contested by experts in various specialized fields. Also, certain sections—which include a few of the author's original concepts—would have made easier reading if someone at the publisher's office had done a bit of cutting, especially in some sections which are overladen with alliterative phrases such as "sclerosis of the streets," "mercantile malnutrition," and "moribund municipality." There is nothing more difficult for an editor than to blue-pencil his own writing.

But the spirit of every chapter is forward-looking and hopeful—and sound. No one can argue with the book's basic premise, that the world needs more scientific, long-term planning. And, especially in times when "realistic" pessimism or obscure personal philosophies are being offered as literary substitutes for constructive thinking, it is a pleasure to read a book which says "Yes!" to the future.



"I won it in a radio quiz."

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Why They Behave Like Pisces

THE LIFE STORY OF THE FISH: His Morals and Manners. By Brian Curtis. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1949. 284 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by WALDEMAR KAEMPFFERT

TO FIND out if fish can hear, a Benedictine monk at Krems, Austria, rang a dinner bell before he fed trout kept in a pond. Before long the fish gathered for their meal whenever he stood at the edge of the pond and swung the bell. What better proof could there be that fish could hear? Along came a skeptic who did nothing more than wave his arm on the bank of a stream. Hungry fish gathered just the same after a period of conditioning. So people still asked: Can fish hear? It has since been proved that fish do hear, chiefly with the aid of their air bladders.

Mr. Curtis has written a delightful book which is full of such accounts of scientific experiments that have been conducted with fish to find out how their responses to the outer world compare with those of higher animals. Like every good biologist he is an evolutionist. So instead of describing the many species and varieties of fish in the way popular in the last century, when even zoologists spoke of "natural history," he considers the fish as a functional structure. Accordingly he shows how fish see (a trout can see a man on a bank without the man seeing it), how they swim, how they feed, how some change their color to protect themselves (a subject over which a long controversy was waged, finally settled by ingenious experiments), how they make love, how and why, in general, they behave like fish.

Mr. Curtis has an enviable gift for popularizing biology. The word "chromatophores" in an ordinary text would scare off a Broadway reader of tabloids, but Mr. Curtis reconciles him to it easily by telling him that chromatophores are little star-shaped cells filled with pigment and that a fish can make the pigment virtually invisible by withdrawing it into the center of the cell. And that is how some fish change their colors to match their surroundings. Mr. Curtis's simple, fascinating account of the remarkable experiments that have been made to settle all doubts in favor of the theory that fish can change color shows him at his best. He is also good when he takes up the nervous system of the fish and almost makes his readers live vicariously in water and in imagination experience the fears and pleasures of fish—and all without being too anthropomorphic.

There is not much about the morals of fish, as the subtitle promises, but there is much about reproduction and hence what may be called "love life." That life varies more widely from species to species than may be suspected, and as Mr. Curtis recounts it, it reveals the infinite variety and inventiveness of nature.

Mr. Curtis has cast a rather big and fine-meshed net for the deliberate purpose of catching as his readers anglers, aquarists, and city folk who never held a rod or gaff and whose sole knowledge of fish has been gained by contemplating their fried or boiled remains on a plate at the dinner table. As a concession to anglers he writes engagingly on game and sport fish and on the aid that scientists have lent to the commercial fisherman when he threatened to extinguish the halibut and the sardine. But it is the ordinary, intelligent reader with the kind of mind that asks whether or not fish feel pain when they are hooked, why a cod cannot frown or wrinkle his nose, or whether a fish will die if it is handled carelessly with dry hands after it is removed from the water and cast back who will probably enjoy this well-written book most.

In the Life of Science Library

SCIENTISTS AND AMATEURS: A History of the Royal Society. By Dorothy Stimson. New York: Henry Schuman. 1949. 270 *pp.* $4.

SONS OF SCIENCE: The Story of the Smithsonian Institution and its Leaders. By Paul H. Oehser. New York: Henry Schuman. 1949. 220 *pp.* $4.

Reviewed by MARSHALL CLAGETT

WITH the publication of these two books the new Schuman Life of Science Library gains impetus. The first of its kind in America, this series has as its objective the presentation of the history of science as a fundamental part of the history of civilization. It is directed towards the reader without specialized training in the sciences or in the history of science. The series will tell its story of the life of science largely through the lives of men who helped in its development. Its authors are specialists.

Each of these two books attempts to tell the story of an institution important to the development of science and of the personalities connected with that institution. Both get away from the eulogistic and formally institutional approach of the "official" histories, such, for example, as the detailed but often lifeless work of Sir Henry Lyons, "The Royal Society, 1660-1940." Miss Stimson is concerned with some 300 years of the Royal Society, while Mr. Oehser deals with a century of the Smithsonian Institution. This fact and the varied backgrounds of the authors make for a somewhat different method of presentation.

Miss Stimson's work is a gem of lucid, careful popularization. In describing the history of the Royal Society, she has given particular attention to the foundation and critical years leading to its first establishment. Thus over half of the book is devoted to the period down through the presidency of Isaac Newton (lasting until his death in 1727). This is not an uneven distribution of attention because those early years represent by far the most interesting and exciting part of the society's history.

In depicting its origin Miss Stimson remarks on the importance of Bacon. His influence on science has no doubt been exaggerated; yet I believe Miss Stimson is correct in emphasizing his influence on scientific organization in England. She points likewise to the role of men who planned and dreamed of a society before its actual formation—men like Petty, Evelyn, and Hartlib. The actual beginnings are to be found in the informal meetings of a group of scientists and amateurs that began soon after 1640 and which is customarily known as the "Invincible College" through a reference by Robert Boyle, its most youthful member. Miss Stimson speaks also of the growing interest in what was called the new experimental philosophy. She might have rounded out the picture of the spread of this new philosophy in other countries, noting briefly the importance of the Italian societies, the Accademia Lincei and the more important Accademia del Cimento, the latter being rigorously devoted to the experimental philosophy. The interest in England in this latter society was widespread and the results of its experiments were reported on. The actual foundation of the Royal Society in 1660-62 is clearly presented with quotations from the standard documents. The objectives of the society

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were succinctly stated: "Wee whose names are underwritten, doe consent and agree that wee will meete together weekely to consult and debate, concerning the promoting of Experimentall learning."

Miss Stimson gives a brief account of the society during the eighteenth and first part of the nineteenth centuries, when the amateurs had control of the society and the scientific objectives envisioned by the founders were lost sight of. The reform of the society began in 1820 and evolved until it was transformed into a truly scientific institution. Miss Stimson treats the reforms from 1820 to 1840 tersely and gives us abbreviated remarks on the society's recent history.

Those who find cynical amusement in noting instances of the influence of politics on science can point beyond the current beatification of Machurin and Lysenko by the Russian Politburo to a time when one showed his loyalty to England or the American colonies by adopting the pointed lightning rod (advocated by American followers of Franklin) or a blunt rod (supported by the English).

With a very much more restricted field, Oehser adopts a biographical approach and presents the history of the Smithsonian Institution through the lives of the secretaries or prominent members. He places the emphasis on the first three secretaries: the physicist Joseph Henry, one of the two or three original American physicists of the mid-nineteenth century; the naturalist Spencer Fullerton Baird, second secretary of the institute, 1879-87; and the astronomer and pioneer in aeronautics Samuel P. Langley, third secretary of the institute, 1887-1906.

Before dealing with the secretaries of the institution, Oehser describes the foundation in the bequest of the eccentric Englishman James Smithson. Born under the bar sinister, of noble parentage, Smithson prophetically declared that his name would live when the titles of his father's and mother's families would be extinct and forgotten.

The longest of the biographies is devoted to the first secretary, Joseph Henry, early discoverer of electromagnetic self-induction. Henry's contributions to the institution were as manifold as they were important. The meteorological activities undertaken by him at the institution form the background for the foundation of the Weather Bureau of the United States.

Marshall Clagett is a member of the history of science department at the University of Wisconsin.

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THE FINE ARTS

DEATH OF A PRODIGAL

ON February 12, Christian Bérard died in Paris at the age of forty-seven. He died suddenly, while working in a theatre on the sets for a new play to be produced by his favorite impresario, Louis Jouvet. Bérard's death was reported in the leading American newspapers, and the accounts all mentioned his settings and costumes for Jean Giraudoux's "The Madwoman of Chaillot," now confirming New York audiences in their stubborn but undernourished belief that the theatre can be an art as well as a business. The papers referred to Bérard as an eccentric and ubiquitous personality who had exerted an enormous influence among French intellectuals and members of the *haute monde*; they described his wit, his dog, his manners, and his beard. In a more serious vein, they touched on his triple role as easel painter, designer for stage and films, and virtual dictator of French fashion. Naturally they did not consider Bérard's meaning as an artist in relation to the era in which his great power was exercised. It is this matter that I should therefore like to mention first here.

We shall need to begin at the beginning. In youth Bérard studied painting at the Académie Ranson, a small art school founded by one of the "Nabis"—a group of symbolist painters of the late 1880's which had included Maurice Denis, Paul Sérusier, Pierre Bonnard, Edouard Vuillard, and others. After Paul Ranson's death, his school had been continued for his widow's benefit by his old associates, and one of the teachers was Vuillard, whom Bérard two years ago said he still admired more than any other painter of our century. Perhaps it was partly from Vuillard that Bérard acquired his liking both for a Proustian privacy of subject in art and for the company of high society in life itself. At any rate, Bérard never aspired to become the protagonist of a revolutionary order in painting; spiritual heir of Gavarni and Guys, he was an apostle of taste carried to fresh limits, and not a fierce insurgent like Goya, Cézanne, and Picasso. As a personal matter, he avoided the vigorous Bohemia of the 1920's and 1930's, and was at home only in the great dressmaking establishments, at rehearsals of the ballet and the theatre, in the salons of the titled and the rich.

For artists of Vuillard's generation, such predilections were still feasible, being rooted in strong if by no means continuous or dominant nineteenth-century precedent. For Bérard, born in 1902, they were difficult and exhausting preferences. The mainstreams of society and art were moving inexorably in an opposite direction—toward a more insistent democracy of peoples, toward an art which tended to concern itself with hardy new forces of expression rather than with the grace notes of privileged sensibility. The directional change was just and inevitable, of course, yet we must recognize in fairness that the dwindling cohorts of reaction, self-identified with a departing past, have continued to produce at intervals figures of exceptional vigor and meaning for the arts. Bérard was such a figure; T. S. Eliot is another. Both men set their course against the social tide, the one out of a voluptuousness which the puritans mistake for frivolity, the other in a spirit of solemn and scholastic devotion. Through their talents as artists, both men arrived in the forefront of the cultural continuum whose existence is, one hopes, the very meaning of progress.

It was not only in his conception of the artist's social role that Bérard stood aside from his time. His formation as a painter was part of the same resistant piece. He came to maturity during the mid-1920's, at precisely the moment when modern art was attaining new heights of authority, despite meaningful rebellions within its ranks. But Bérard was one of those artists, like Poussin and Ingres, who moved forward in seeming to retreat. He was indifferent to such conspicuously contemporary movements as abstraction, expressionism, and surrealism. Among the works of his immediate forebears, he admired most the rose-period paintings of Picasso; indeed, it is no exaggeration to say that the broad, loose, stubby contours of the Spaniard's circus figures of 1905-06 became a fundamental and permanent ingredient in Bérard's own linear style. Bérard also liked Giorgio de Chirico's early paintings of vast, melancholy Italian squares, so uncanny in their ability to evoke a disquieting atmosphere of reverie and longing. Perhaps De Chirico's example helped lead Bérard to Italy. At any rate, the young painter traveled a great deal in that country, and acquired an almost scholarly knowledge of the Renaissance masters. His preferences included Uccello, Piero della Francesca, Giovanni Bellini, and the Ferrarese painters from Cossa to Dosso Dossi; he worshipped Raphael unashamedly. His reverent attitude toward the Renaissance contrasted fairly sharply with the preceding generation's tendency to nourish itself on less sacrosanct sources, to seek out brutal, exotic, or "unspoiled" aspects of tradition, to defy rather than to

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

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cherish the guidance of the five-star past.

In 1926 Bérard showed his paintings at the Galerie Druet with those of other artists, including three Russian friends—Leonid and Eugene Berman, who had been his classmates at the Académie Ranson, and Pavel Tchelitchew, lately arrived in Paris after a brilliant career as a stage designer in Berlin. Someone presently gave the young painters a group-title: the neo-romantics. The title was inevitable, since all four artists were intent on restoring to painting an emphasis on nostalgic human sentiment which the older, abstract painters had usually excluded from their works. Bérard, for his part, painted mostly single figures, sometimes portraits of friends and sometimes studio pieces notable for their lassitude and solemnity of mood. He often used a heavy undercoating of candle grease on which limpid colors and fretful but incisive contours were manipulated to achieve a curious intensity of mien. His melancholy was less metaphysical than that of his Russian colleagues. He was not, like them, one of the dispossessed brought to Paris in poverty by the Soviet Revolution. He was a total Parisian, as Baudelaire had been, and even his despair was expressed in terms of sensory elegance. His art typified the piercing Gallic malaise which is the reverse of Renoir's bright, ebullient coin.

Bérard grew more and more French with the years, and drew for inspiration on native as well as Italian sources. The genre scenes of the seventeenth-century brothers Le Nain, the early portraits of Degas, Courbet's astonishingly luminous "Bonjour M. Courbet"—these and other French paintings of the past were often in mind. But he found it more and more difficult to work as an easel painter. His nervous temperament, like that of the first Empire's Baron Goss, demanded the excitement of company. He hated to work alone for long at a time, and he nearly always lacked the patience and concentration needed to perfect a given canvas. Only on rare occasions could he apply himself steadily to painting. One of these occasions took place in 1933 when, vacationing on the coast of France, he completed a small series of double and triple self-portraits on a beach: these must count among his most perfect works, among the few on which he clearly could have done no more. During the later 1930's, he also completed part of a mural commission for the house of the Polignacs in Paris. It seems to me likely that these murals will one day rank as his most impressive accomplishment as a painter. Today, however, they are

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sometimes dismissed as a pastiche on the Renaissance, particularly by critics who, intent on *newness* of approach, find them derivative compared to the murals, say, of an Orozco. But such a condemnation ignores the large and unquestioned role which "quotation" played in the art of earlier centuries; it disregards, too, the fact that deliberate and inventive commentary on classical styles has been common even in our own period, among artists of the stature of Picasso and Braque. In any case, it seems to me that the Polignac murals will seem more and more remarkable, as the present cult for originality recedes.

In 1933 Bérard scored his first theatrical success with his sets and costumes for Georges Balanchine's ballet "Mozartiana." Presently, his fashion drawings began to appear in the leading slick-paper magazines, and thereafter he was almost exclusively preoccupied (except for the Polignac murals) with the worlds of the theatre and *haute-couture*. By the time the war broke out, he was recognized in Paris as the leading stage designer of his period, and over the past ten years his productions with Louis Jouvet at the Comédie Française revived the theatre as a major force in French esthetics. Simultaneously, his position in Paris fashion became so absolute that he more than anyone decided which designers and modes should carry the day.

To the end of his short life Bérard continued to make drawings and small sketches in color. These he usually gave away to friends. They are, one fears, nearly all that remains of his later career as an easel painter, though he constantly talked of paintings he had produced or was about to produce. Perhaps he did complete a few pictures. I doubt that there are many, or that they will prove comparable in quality to the works of his earlier career. The theatre and fashion had claimed him irrevocably. In these fields he achieved such brilliant results that it is perhaps impertinent to speak of waste in connection with his great talents. Yet I find it impossible not to wish that he could have continued more steadily as a painter, though realizing that the fevers of his temperament probably accounted for the warmth as well as for the scarcity of what he produced. The question remains whether the elegant society to which he devoted his career deserved his effort. One suspects that this society, by comparison with that of previous times, may turn out to have been only a Pretender. Even in that case Bérard, the jewel in its crown, was real.

—James Thrall Soby.

FICTION

(*Continued from page 17*)

best quarters, and ruefully speculates that if Graziani's African desert battle had only been won, things might have been different now. Even the American soldier is infected with melancholy as he dreams the great fiction of "back home."

Lisa and Robert come to live together for opposite reasons; she claims to hate him and what he stands for, while he pretends indifference to her varying moods. Robert reluctantly remains silent as events break Lisa so completely that she is unable to grasp at the straw which he finally holds out to her. Yet, theirs remains an unconventional love story which avoids contrived passion and moves with sympathy and understanding.

The novel manages to impart much by implication and poetic indirection only, for the characters and the scenes are by no means fully realized. It is as a mood piece, a study in wistfulness and melancholy, that this book is memorable. Mr. Hayes effectively uses images of wind, cold, and loneliness, and emphasizes significant details to give the illusion of completeness. With more substance and intensity, "The Girl on the Via Flaminia" conceivably could have been this war's "A Farewell to Arms," but in his own manner Alfred Hayes does make his every note ring clear and true.

Sir Henry Morgan, Desperado

CUTLASS EMPIRE. By F. Van Wyck Mason. New York: Doubleday & Co. 1949. 396 *pp.* $3.

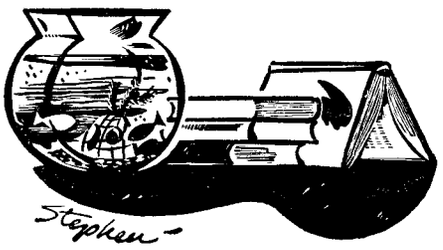
Reviewed by Fletcher Pratt

IT is good to see somebody tackle Sir Henry Morgan. The old desperado has had entirely inadequate literary treatment since Esquemeling, except in books for boys—which may be due to the excellence of Esquemeling's narrative, or to a general assumption that only adolescents would be interested in a blood-and-thunder personage, or to the difficulties of handling the historical material. It is also good to see that the man who has done the tackling is F. Van Wyck Mason. He gets rid of the historical difficulties by not recognizing that they exist; that is, by throwing the story into fiction, where the gaps can be bridged with imagined detail and invented people. If the result is not history, it is an adequate answer to say that history would have very poor luck in trying to convey a true picture of the life and times of a man who existed in romance. In fact, now that I think of it, two books are probably necessary to understand any period, one dealing with ascertained fact, and one with the deduced fact which is called fiction.

At that, the historical part of "Cutlass Empire" is a lot closer to the bone than one might imagine. Mr. Mason has done his research carefully, not only on such physical details as the kind of pants people wore, but into people and their probable characters as revealed by action, and there are lots of people here who spring from life and not from his imagination. Also he has woven the results of his research into a consistent whole. The Morgan he gives us has ideas about strategy as well as about glory and plunder, which I take it to be something like the actual case. Otherwise, the historical Morgan would hardly have gone as far as he did or achieved results that really had something to do with the fate of nations.

To be sure, Mr. Mason has shined up the romance a bit, along the lines of modern historical fiction, which permits its heroes to be interestingly casual about their sexual morals, but not to be drunks or dishonest. Thus Morgan's actual embarkation for the West Indies as a kidnapped bondservant becomes an adventurous escape from Cromwell's soldiers with the aid of a fascinating wench. But this is done principally in the interests of a better tale, providing elements to set off against the thematic material of the great captain's raids along the Spanish Main.

The raids are all there, done with great gusto, the harrying of Cuba, the capture of Porto Bello, and the sack of Panama. The fighting is real fighting and the intrigue something the creator of Major North does particularly well. A good tale, an interesting tale, a nice rescue from limbo of a fascinating character who, if he is not presented with much emotional depth, is probably given as much as he had.



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Mining-Town Woman

THE GOLDEN FURY. By Marian Castle. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1949. 329 pp. $3.

Reviewed by NANCY GROBERG CHAIKIN

THE little Colorado towns on the map on the inside cover of Miss Castle's book have wonderful names. Leadville, Aspen, Cripple Creek—they sound like something out of a union songbook, and one feels that someone could do great things with the history of those names alone. Miss Castle has chosen to deal with these towns sometimes as they represented the great mining booms in the years from 1878 to 1909, but principally as they figured in the life of her Golden Fury, Carolina Lawler.

She tells the story of that dazzling woman, whose turbulent quest for happiness, after much chasing about from one mining town to another, after two unsuccessful marriages, focused, at last, upon her lovely daughter. The unhappy run-away child of a fanatic camp-following Gospel-spreader, Carolina was led by peculiar circumstances and her friendship with a soft-hearted prostitute, into paths which, in later years, constituted a somewhat questionable past. Haunted by fears of meeting up again with her fiery father, later by the memory of his pathetic doubt-ridden dying moments, Carolina struggles, in the last chapters of this novel, to push her daughter into respectable society. Spending frantically the last bit of a slowly accumulated fortune, moving about in Denver social circles as an eccentrically candid but dazzling Golden Widow, Carolina is ironically defeated by Thea's love for a poor minister. Resigned, finally, to the wisdom of her daughter's choice, she stumbles into the knowledge that she too is now truly in love and prepares to follow another boom, over the mountain into a more mature dream.

Miss Castle's writing is brisk and fluent and I do not think that anyone will call this a slow-moving story. She has attempted to catch the spirit of those pioneer years and, to some extent, she has succeeded. But oh, that running around through towns and fortunes and husbands and fears has left me in a crumpled heap! Limp as I am from what felt like a major rat-race, I do not see how Carolina Lawler managed to emerge still comparatively starched and golden, from her incredible ups and downs.

Certainly there is nothing convincing about this stormy chronicle of a mining-town woman. I visualize her chiefly as a flash of gold shooting around Colorado at an ungodly speed. Her fortunes, her anxieties, her immature plunges into marital upheaval, played though they were upon an unwholesome background of a too-short childhood, left me terribly unsettled for the wrong reasons. Carolina's constant hearkening back to the violent, damning oratory of her father was particularly disturbing—not as an effective and real investigation into the source of her neurotic behavior, but rather as an irritating and superficially used factor. Miss Castle has a certain flair for physical description. But that is the most that can be said for this fast-traveling, eager, but unimportant little tale.

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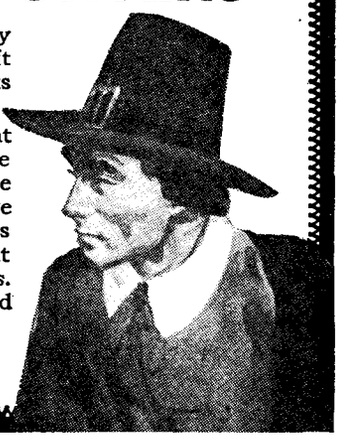

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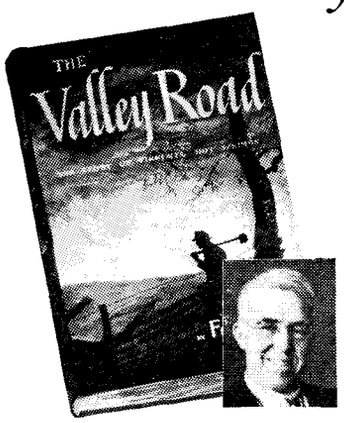
It's Springtime in the Valley



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PELLEGRINI & CUDAHY

GRIM FAIRY TALES

(Continued from page 8)

simplest and easiest as far as construction goes, which accounts for its popularity, but it has seldom produced a first-rate detective story. The reason is obvious. A detective story is not a tale about the motives and acts and emotions of people, as a novel is, but about the detective's investigation of their motives and acts and emotions in his pursuit of a relentless purpose. Therefore, if Chapter Six takes us to the bedroom of Mr. and Mrs. Doe and lets us see what they're doing and hear what they're saying, no matter how touching or humorous or subtle or exciting it may be, what of it? It is quite extraneous. Since the proper and only theme of a detective story is the progress of the hero to his triumph, anything that happens beyond the horizon of his senses and sense has no pertinence. I could rattle off the names of several good story-tellers who have completely overlooked this elementary fact, and doubtless you could too.

Which leaves us Dupin's friend and admirer (who knows his name?), Holmes's Watson, and their many descendants. This is the method best suited to the job. It keeps the reader at the viewpoint where he belongs—close to the hero—, supplies a foil for the hero's transcendence and infallibility, and makes the postponement of the revelation vastly less difficult. Also, if your imagination is up to the task of making the stooge a man instead of a dummy he will be handy to have around in many other ways. Even stuffed with sawdust he can handle your toughest technical problems; with some flesh on him and a little blood in his veins he can be a jewel.

HAVING assembled the personnel and got the plot, or at least its skeleton, it is time for the typewriter. Throughout the long adventure—and tedium—of composition you are of course constantly being confronted by the challenges which all story-tellers must face and somehow meet, but the special one that is always with you, on every page and in every sentence, is the postponement of revelation. In a sense, certainly, every story-teller is always writing two chapters at once—the one he is working on and the last one—but the detective-story writer must do so under a unique necessity and pressure. The pattern requires the postponement of the revelation, but, unless he carefully and ingeniously restricts the area of the revelation within the narrowest limits the plot will allow, he will at the end find himself glaring at the dilemma of either leaving many things unexplained, which is inadmissible, or forcing the detective to go on for twenty pages tidying up, which is no way to treat a hero, not to mention a reader. The one thing that must be reserved is the identity of the culprit; the nearer you can come, before that fatal disclosure, to dusting everything else off, the better.

And when you have understood (or felt) the essence, created your detective, contrived your plot and characters, and put on paper all the words and paragraphs and chapters up to and including the revelation, what have you got?

There is disagreement about that. Not long ago I heard a distinguished critic, hot in argument, demand indignantly to be told whether the worldwide interest in Sherlock Holmes entitled him to a seat in the same room as King Lear. It would be hard to beat that for downright silliness. He might as well have asked whether Alice is entitled to drink tea with Lady Macbeth.

But silly as the critic was, we know what was eating him. He was merely concurring in the universal refusal to accord any detective story, even the best, any place whatever, even the lowest, in the ranks of what is called serious literature. No one would dream of speaking of Doyle in the same tone of voice as of Thackeray, though one is still being read in twenty languages and the other is not read at all. I say this not to complain, because there is no grievance. The detective story has to lie in the bed it has made. It gets its enormous audience, everybody from prime ministers to cab drivers, from the greatest to the humblest, by outrageous and barefaced flattery. It tells over and over again, with what wit and ingenuity it can manage, two flagrant lies: that justice is always done and that man's reason orders his affairs. Men love it, desire it, need it, and pay money for it. But they don't really believe it, and they can't be expected to take seriously something they don't really believe.

No. The writer of a detective story must be content to have written a fairy story, and about man's best-loved fairy—the one whose wand bestows on him not power or love or health or wealth, but the sweet assurance, "You are the reasoning animal."

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WORKOUTS FOR WRITERS

(Continued from page 21)

first year are still on the staff, including Robert P. Tristram Coffin, Rolfe Humphries, Lloyd Haberly, William E. Harris, and the writer.

Next in order came Indiana University, where courses were started in 1940, and where the work is divided into two sections, a conference for writers under thirty, lasting a week, and the regular conference immediately following, which runs another week, a unique arrangement.

It was not until 1945, however, that the conference idea began its greatest period of expansion, and since that year thirteen annual meetings have been added to the list, the greater part of them in the Middle and Far West. Fordham University in New York City started a summer school in which courses in writing were featured in 1948, and Catholic University in Washington will have its first Writers' Workshop this year.

The Regional Writers' Workshop, under the auspices of the University of Denver, began in 1945 and has a five-week term. A different pattern is followed at the Pacific Northwest Conference, started the same year, under the auspices of the University of Washington, which runs only five days, and attracts hundreds of visitors.

The Universities of Missouri and Utah started conferences in 1947, and Kansas followed in 1948, to be joined this year by the University of Kansas City. Ray B. West, Jr., who helped to found the Utah Conference before joining the English faculty at the University of Kansas, is director there and among the members of his current staff is Brewster Ghiselin, now in charge at Utah. Gorham Munson, director at Kansas City, was at Bread Loaf thirteen summers and is a well-known teacher of writing in New York.

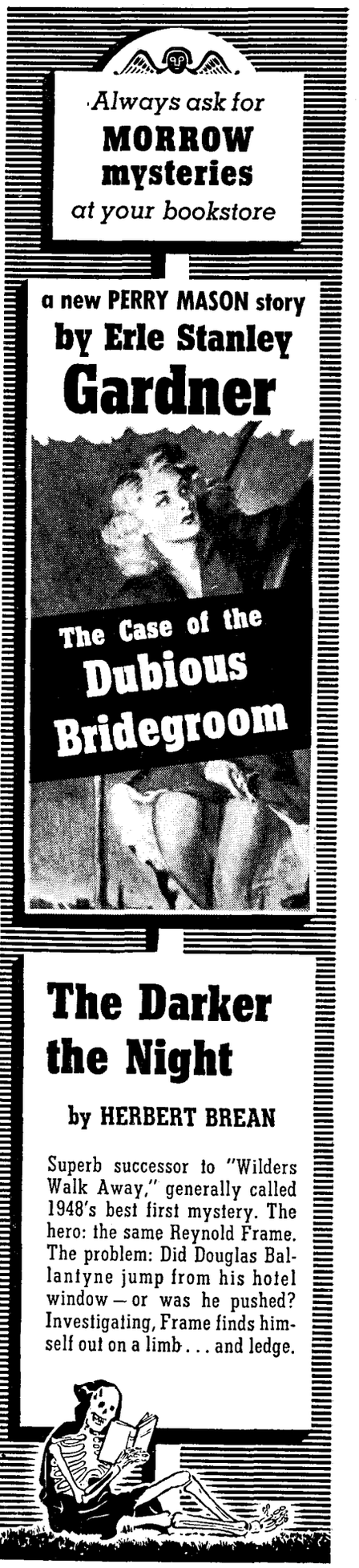
Kenyon College has a six weeks' summer course largely devoted to the study of literature, which began in 1947, and which has courses in the technique of fiction, although its principal emphasis is on criticism. At the other extreme in point of time is the Short Course in Professional Writing at the University of Oklahoma, which lasts only four days, and is the outgrowth of courses in writing given by Professor W. S. Campbell, better known as Stanley Vestal.

In addition to the conferences sponsored by universities and colleges, several regional meetings lasting a part of a week are held, among them the Omaha Conference, the Midwestern Conference in Chicago, and the Michigan Conference at Detroit. It will be noted that all three are in the Middle West, which seems to supply the sort of intellectual climate

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE LEADEN BUBBLE *H. C. Branson* (Simon & Schuster: $2.50)	Detective John (Bearded) Bent arrives too late to hear aged client's story, but remains to solve rather fearsome small-town family slayings.	Straightforward detecting, interesting group of characters, some amusing boarding-house scenes, and enough romance to flavor it nicely.	Worth reading
CROOKED HOUSE *Agatha Christie* (Dodd, Mead: $2.50)	Aged, wealthy Mr. Leonides dies of poison in English country house packed with possible killers. It almost stumps Scotland Yarder Taverner.	Only A. Christie could handle such terrifying and inscrutably plotted affairs and make them real—especially that magnificently heterodox ending!	Knockout
THE CASE OF THE REDOUBLED CROSS *Rufus King* (Crime Club: $2.25)	Gold-digging European circus family, rusticating in Fla., entangles nice gal in web of violence from which New York detective neatly extricates her.	One of most amusing circus clans (mostly animal-people) since famous Sangers—with definitely malevolent overtones both in Europe and U. S. Plenty of action.	Diverting no end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Bridegroom
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by HERBERT BREAN
Superb successor to "Wilders Walk Away," generally called 1948's best first mystery. The hero: the same Reynold Frame. The problem: Did Douglas Ballantyne jump from his hotel window — or was he pushed? Investigating, Frame finds himself out on a limb . . . and ledge.

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necessary for this type of gathering.

Despite the South's current interest in writing, and the number of writers who live there, no conferences of the kind discussed here have ever been held in that section. The University of Virginia once held an informal and delightful gathering of regional writers, which will never be forgotten by those who attended it, if for no other reason than because William Faulkner explained there his theory of literary production.

A little "under the influence," in the Southern phrase of the Victorian era, he told Katharine Newlin Burt he wrote only for Shakespeare. Pressed for an explanation, he said: "Madam, when I write something, I read it over and if I think Shakespeare would have liked it, I publish it. If I don't think he would have liked it, I destroy it."

Also Sherwood Anderson, then a Virginia editor, made a speech with his back to his listeners, after explaining that his only Southern blood came from his mother, who was from the *south* of Italy.

The general pattern of the more sober conferences does not vary very much. There are lectures, workshops, conferences on individual manuscripts, formal talks in the evening, round tables participated in by visiting literary agents and publishers' representatives, and plenty of opportunity for the students to talk over their problems with the staff.

Following is a list, as complete as possible, of the conferences that are to be held during the coming summer. In every instance the directors take a active part in their conferences.

THE BREAD LOAF WRITERS CONFERENCE, held under the auspices of Middlebury College, Theodore Morrison, director, meets in the mountains near Middlebury, Vermont, the last two weeks of August. It was started in 1925.

Present plans call for a limitation in attendance of 125, fifty contributors and seventy-five auditors. There are from four to seven scholarships available, candidates being named by publishers or other writers.

Expenses are as follows: Contributors, including room, board, and tuition, from $130 to $155, depending upon the type of room occupied. Auditors, from $105 to $130.

Among the regular staff members are Robert Frost, Louis Untermeyer, Bernard DeVoto, Walter Prichard Eaton, Helen Everitt, Edith Mirrielees, Fletcher Pratt, William Sloane, and Robeson Bailey.

The Bread Loaf Summer School of English of Middlebury College will be held this year from July 29 to August 13. Reginald L. Cook is director, and among the special lecturers are Robert Frost, David Daiches, Selden Rodman, Jean Stafford, and John Finley, Jr. The school is for students professionally interested in literature.

WORKSHOP ON CREATIVE WRITING FOR CATHOLIC WRITERS, under the auspices of the Catholic University of America, Washington, D. C. General director of workshops, Roy J. Deferrari; director of writing workshop, Leo V. Jacks. The first session is to be held this year, the dates being August 22-September 1.

Expenses: Tuition, $70, including manuscript consultation; room and board, $40; registration fee in advance, $5. Individual lectures, $2 each, manuscript consultation by non-members of the workshop, $50.

Members of the staff include Regis Louise Boyle, Walter S. Campbell, Walter Kerr, Sister Madaleva, and Richard Thomas Sullivan.

REGIONAL WRITERS' WORKSHOP, under the auspices of the University of Denver, Denver, Alan Swallow, director, was started in 1945. This year its dates are June 20-July 22.

The workshop runs the first five-week term of the university's summer school, and is a part of the regular courses in creative writing.

College credits are given for participation in the workshop and detailed information on expenses may be had from the director.

Among the staff members are Marian Castle, Vincent McHugh, Thomas Hornsby Ferrill, Dorothy E. S. Hansen, Frank Waters, George Morrow Mayo, Lorene Pearson, John Williams, Florence Granold Means, and others.

The Ninth Annual Western Folklore Conference will be held at the University July 14-16, with Dr. L. J. Davidson in charge. It will include a Basic Communication Workshop.

FORDHAM UNIVERSITY'S SUMMER INSTITUTE OF PROFESSION WRITING, under the auspices of Fordham University, the Reverend Alfred J. arrett, director, was started in 1948, and will be held this year July 5 through August 13. All sessions are on the university campus, 190the St. and Third Ave. New York City.

Tuition fee for any combination of courses does not exceed $100 full time, with many courses offered at $15. each. Registration fee is $5. A maximum of six credits to those qualified.

In conjunction with the Radio and Theatre Divisions of the Communication Arts Department twenty-four lectures will be given on "The Challenge to Communication Arts" by José Ferrer, Robert Edmound Jones, Arthur Hopkins, Worthington Minor, Margaret Webster, Jo Mielziner, Norman Brokenshire, Agnes DeMille, Wyllis Cooper, John Daly, Clifford J. Laube, Covelle Newcomb, Gretta Palmer, and others.

The regular faculty for creative writing and newspaper techniques includes Neil MacNeil, Herschel Brickell, David Marshall, Anne Fremantle, Eugene Biel, Charles J. Felton, Ray Mackland. Catalogue from director.

INDIANA UNIVERSITY WRITERS' CONFERENCE, under the auspices of Indiana University, Bloomington, Ralph L. Collins, director, was started in 1940. A special conference for young writers, under thirty, is included, the dates this year being July 3-10, the regular conference following immediately, and running to July 16.

Expenses are: Young writers, $20 for full participation with room and board available at $1.50 a day. Main conference, $15 tuitional fee for first workshop of six meetings a week, with $10 for each additional workshop.

Three tuitional scholarships are available for the regular conference, and fifteen, worth $50 each, for the conference for young writers. Manuscripts must be submitted in advance.

UNIVERSITY OF KANSAS CITY WRITERS' CONFERENCE, under the auspices of the University of Kansas City, Kansas City, Gorham Munson, director, first session this year, from June 7 to 17.

An over-all fee of $30 is charged, with rooms and board to be had convenient to the university. Attendance is limited to 125 and four prizes of $25 each will be awarded for the best piece of fiction, non-fiction, dramatic writing, and poetry. Prizes are given by the *Kansas City Star*.

In addition to the director, the staff will be Martha Foley, Charles Angoff, Melville Cane, Margot Johnson, and Horton Foote. Among the special lecturers will be Herschel Brickell.

The president of the university, Dr. Clarence Decker, is a novelist and directs the *University Review*. Literary figures are regularly inirted to teach at the university, and John Gould Fletcher, Louis Untermeyer, André Maurois, and Mr. Munson have served on the faculty.

KANSAS WRITERS' CONFERENCE, under the auspices of the University of Kansas, Lawrence, Ray B. West, Jr., director, July 8-19.

Expenses are: room and board in dormitories at an average of $25 a week, with rooms in homes available at $5 to $10 a week. A fee of $25 entitles conference members to submit a maximum of one short story, 6,000 words or less, or a group of poems. Book-length manuscripts are criticized for an additional $10 each.

Among the faculty members are Malcolm Cowley, Allen Tate, Caroline Gordon, Brewster Ghiselin, Robert Wooster Stallman, and Herschel Brickell.

THE KENYON SCHOOL OF ENGLISH, Kenyon College, Gambier, Ohio, Gordon Keith Chalmers, president, held its first session in 1948, and its 1949 dates are June 23-August 6. The school is in the hands of three senior fellows, F. O. Matthiessen, John Crowe Ransom, and Lionel Trilling. It offers courses in a wide variety of literary subjects, including the technique of the novel, and is open to a limited number of auditors, teachers, and writers of maturity, although it is designed primarily for students and college credits will be given where grades are A or B.

The total number of students is set at eighty. Tuition is $100; board, $110; lodging in a dormitory, $45, and health and recreation fee, $7. The application fee is $1. Arrangements on a prorata basis are provided for auditors who are unable to take the full course.

Faculty members, known as fellows, include Newton Arvin, Eric Bentley, Cleanth Brooks, Kenneth Burke, Alfred Kazin, Mark Schorer, Allen Tate, Robert Penn Warren, and Morton Dauwen Zabel.

MARLBORO COLLEGE CONFERERENCE ON FICTION, under the auspices of Marlboro College, Marlboro, Vermont, Walter Hendricks, president of the college, and co-director of the conference, with John Farrar. This is the first year of the meeting, and the dates are August 17 to 31.

The fees are: For full participation, $100; auditors, $75, both fees covering room and board.

Among the staff members will be Mrs. Farrar, Shirley Jackson, Ludwig Lewisohn, Elizabeth Page, Roger W. Straus, Jr., and F. F. Van de Water.

MICHIGAN CONFERENCE FOR WRITERS, under the auspices of the Detroit Forum, Detroit, Margaret Seaton, director, is a three-day meeting in September, begun in 1945. The 1949 dates have not yet been announced.

The fee is $17.50 a student, which includes everything except room and board. Speakers and instructors contribute their services.

THE MIDWESTERN WRITERS' CONFERENCE began in 1947 and maintains permanent headquarters from September to August each year, conducting nightly clinics from October to May. The address is Suite 540, 410 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, and the director is Alice Manning Dickey. The dates this year are July 11-17.

Expenses are: Over-all ticket, $20; clinics, novel, junior fiction, poetry, and non-fiction, $10 each, short story, $15; sampler ticket for six admissions, $10. Auditor's ticket for each clinic, $8, with the exception of the short-story workshop, which is $10. Accommodations are to be had at hotels, and early reservations should be made. A number of prizes are offered for the best manuscripts in various categories.

Among this year's leaders are Frederic Nelson Litten, Leonard Finley Hilts, Dorothy Langley, Leo Kennedy, Jessica Nelson North, and Adele M. Reis. Distinguished Middlewestern writers serve on the advisory council.

MISSOURI WRITERS' WORKSHOP, under the auspices of the University of Missouri's Department of Journalism, Columbia, William Peden, director, was started in 1947, and its dates this year are June 20-25.

The fees are: for one workshop, $15, for an additional workshop, $10; for auditing a workshop, $5. Students may enroll in one or two workshops, and those enrolled in at least one workshop may audit additional groups. Auditors may not submit manuscripts. The expenses for housing and meals are $35. Deposits of $10 on room and board reservations and a $5 fee must be paid in advance.

Among the staff members this year are James T. Farrell, John G. Neihardt, Kenneth Davis, Peter Taylor, William Porter, and Winston Allard.

THE WRITERS' CONFERENCE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF NEW HAMPSHIRE, Durham, Carroll S. Towle, chairman, was begun in 1938, and the 1949 dates are August 15-26.

Room and board may be had for the special rate of $23.50 for the session, the rooms being in a dormitory and the meals in the university cafeteria. Contributors, entire conference, $45; one week, $28.50; auditors, entire conference, $37.50; one week, $21. Registration fee, $5, payable in advance. A limited number of tuition scholarships are available.

Among the staff members are Robert P. Tristram Coffin, Rolfe Humphries, John Gould, Lloyd Haberley, Marjorie Fischer, William E. Harris, Barbara Frost, Herschel Brickell, Edward Cortez, and Dorothy Towle.

SHORT COURSE IN PROFESSIONAL WRITING, under the auspices of the English Department and Extension Division of the University of Oklahoma, Norman, W. S. Campbell (Stanley Vestal), director, began in 1938 with one speaker and lasted one day. The present courses last four days and will be held this year June 6-9.

The short course is an outgrowth of the courses in professional writing given by Professor Campbell and his assistants at the university. The registration fee is $5, which covers everything in the way of tuition, and room and board are available on the campus at cost. Manuscript criticism is arranged between writer and expert, at fees to be agreed upon by them. Markets, non-fiction, fiction, and poetry are covered as topics for the four days, meeting.

Professor Campbell reports that during the past year students taking his courses, sold twenty-five books, 140 short stories, sixteen novelettes, three serials, three booklets, three magazine novels, eighty-two articles, thirteen poems.

OMAHA WRITERS' CONFERENCE, Hotel Paxton, Omaha, under the auspices of the Omaha Writers' Club and the Nebraska Writers' Guild, L. V. Jacks, chairman, was started in 1946, principally for people from Nebraska, western Iowa, and the Dakotas, although Kansas and Missouri have also been represented. 1949 dates not set.

The fees are: general admission, $5.83, tax included; manuscript criticism, $5; single admission, $1.17. Hotel reservations must be made well in advance.

Members of the staff have included Richard

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Sullivan, the Reverend Dr. James J. Donohue, and Winston Allard.

PACIFIC NORTHWEST WRITERS' CONFERENCE, under the auspices of the University of Washington, Seattle, Harold J. Alford, secretary, was started in 1945. Its dates this year are July 21-26.

Expenses are: Breakfast, dinner, and double room, $20.85 a person; single room, $26 85 a person. For the full conference, not including cruise and luncheon, $15; students and faculty, without cruise and luncheon, $7.50; luncheons, $1.75 each; boat cruise, $4.50; single lectures, $1 each.

All regularly registered summer-session writing students may attend the conference without further registration fee.

Among members of the staff in the past have been William Carlos Williams, Granville Hicks, John Van Druten, Eudora Welty, Allan Seager, and Archie Binns.

SUMMER COURSE IN PUBLISHING PROCEDURES AT RADCLIFFE COLLEGE, Cambridge, Mass., Helen Everitt, director, care of The Appointment Bureau, will be held from June 27 to August 15. Enrollment is limited and the tuition for the six weeks' course is $135.

Visiting speakers will discuss various phases of book, magazine, and general publishing. Students will work with the actual processing of material from the first stages of manuscripts through final production and distribution.

THE WRITERS' CONFERENCE IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS, under the auspices of the University of Colorado, William E. Wilson, director, began in 1930, was abandoned in 1942 and started again in 1947 with Harry Shaw as director.

The 1949 dates are July 25-August 12. Enrollment is limited to 150.

Expenses are: Room and board from $3.25 to $4.50 a day for the full session; daily rates, $5 to $5.50; attendance all sessions, $45; two weeks, $35; $10 deposit required with registration. Reading fees are in addition to tuition and run as follows: book-length manuscript, $12.50; fifty pages of work in progress, $7.50; thirty-five pages, $5; short story, limit of three stories, $5; other types of writing in proportion.

This year's staff includes James A. Michener, Jessamyn West, J. Frank Dobie, Don Congdon, Rolfe Humphries, Ruth Sawtell Wallis, C. E. Scoggins, Ann Weil, and a large number of distinguished lecturers.

WRITERS' CONFERENCE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF UTAH, under the auspices of the University of Utah at Salt Lake City, Brewer Ghiselin, director, was started in 1947, and will be held this year July 5-16.

Fees are $3 for full members, or contributors; and $22.50 for auditors. For book-length manuscripts an additional fee of $12.50 a manuscript is charged. Room and board are available in a dormitory at from $13 to $15 weekly, and other accommodations may be had.

Among the staff members this year will be John Crowe Ransom, Wallace Stegner, Oscar Williams, George Davis, Vladimir Nabokov, and Munro Leaf.

Herschel Brickell, author and critic, has taught or lectured at Bread Loaf, the University of New Hampshire, and the University of Missouri Workshop. This summer he is to be a member of the staff of the University of Kansas City Conference, and will give a course in the short story at Fordham University. He is editor and part-author of "Writers on Writing: How to Write, How to Sell," to be published next month by Doubleday.

SRL'S GUIDE TO WRITERS' CONFERENCES

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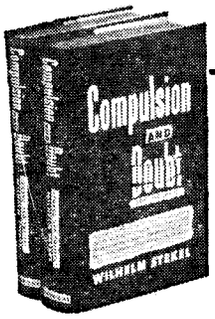

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SINGLE RECORDS—ORCHESTRA		
HINDEMITH: PIECES IN THE FIRST POSITION. (String orch.) Opus 44, Nos. 3, 4. Stuyvesant Sinfonietta, Schulman. Columbia 72606-D (1)	Sharp, edgy string tone, small orchestra, some of it at pretty high level. Acoustics deadish. Not inappropriate to this music.	*Gebrauchsmusik* — far more than mere exercises. No. 3 is little suite, folk-like melodies. No. 4 is big, fast, tense piece, biting; a major work, if short.
PERGOLESI: CONCERTINO #5. Ital. Radio Symph., Fighera. Cetra BB 25212 (1)	Little on high end, prewar style—but a lovely softness of string tone, most musical.	String orch.—evidently an arrangement, but tasteful, simple. Superb, quiet string playing, and an excellent piece.
COPLAND: BILLY THE KID, Prairie Night, Celebration Dance. New York Philharmonic, Stokowski. Columbia 19011-D (1 10″)	Pre-ban but up to date. Side 1 (Prairie) very low level, helped by good surface.	Valuable bit of Copland's first-rate use of U. S. folk song, modified, woven into his own nostalgic or sassy musical style.
MASSENET: LA VIERGE, Dernier Sommeil. MENDELSSOHN: OCTET, Scherzo. Royal Philharmonic, Beecham. RCA Victor 12-0688 (1)	Beautiful recording. But, as in other Beechams recently, one wonders where the supposed wide-range highs are; few of any consequence to be heard on these. U. S. pressings at fault? Purely technical item—the sound is lovely.	More of those romantic tidbits that Beecham digs up. The Massenet is lovely melody (from oratorio) of slight depth; Strauss the same but louder. Both pleasantly unimportant. But a first-rate job on the Mendelssohn arrangement, precise, quiet, exciting.
STRAUSS: INTERMEZZO, OP. 72, Entr'acte; MINUET DE LULLY (B. Gentilhomme). Royal Philharmonic, Beecham. RCA Victor 12-0735 (1)		
SIBELIUS: SWAN OF TUONELA. Janssen Symph. of L. A. V. Schipilliti, Eng. horn. Artist UA 1009 (1 *pl.*)	Wide-range recording helps with string background to Eng. horn solo. Low-level music; plastic helps.	A passable performance, useful because of quiet plastic, a shimmer of tone color lacking in older recordings.
CIMAROSA: IL MATRIMONIO SEGRETO, Overture. Orch. sinf. dell 'EIAR di Torino, Parodi. Cetra CB 20216 (1)	Lacking in high tones, prewar style. Somewhat thin-toned, acoustically.	In style of Mozart opera overtures—with preview of Rossini. Pretty frothy stuff, but nicely, accurately played.
THE SOLO VOICE		
MAHLER: EIGHT SONGS. Desi Halban; Bruno Walter, pf. Columbia MM 809 (3 10″)	The voice is close but well recorded, sharp diction; Bruno Walter's piano sounds like a zither offstage.	Endearing and expert treatment by two leading Mahlerites. These songs are mostly feather-light, folkish, movingly simple.
SCHUMANN: DIE KARTENLEGERIN; WOLF: NUR WER DIE SEHNSUCHT. Eliz. Hoengen; H. Lipper, pf. Columbia 17558-D (1)	Good tonal range (boost the highs a bit for better clarity), fair piano, perspectively in background a bit.	Sincere, intelligent interpretations despite wobble. The Wolf is more suited to her voice.
MOZART: ET INCARNATUS EST (Mass in C minor). Erna Berger; Philharmonia Orch. Krips. RCA Victor 12-0692 (1)	Berger's voice "shatters," blasts slightly on transient loud peaks; not too disturbing. Orch. might be more enveloping, less a background.	One of finest Mozart sacred arias for high soprano. Berger is good, if bit too dramatic on high notes, not steady enough for the slow, legato music.
POULENC: METAMORPHOSES, LE BESTIARE. Pierre Bernac, bar., composer at pf. RCA Victor 12-0426 (1)	An exceptionally good piano-accompaniment recording: solid, legato, well balanced. (But Bernac's "acting" is bad medicine for mike.)	"Metamorphoses" are well-built, non-dissonant French songs, well and nasally sung. "Le B." is Ogden Nash-like musical zoo. Nicely spoken titles. French teachers note!

—EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

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The Film Forum

SEX EDUCATION

The Saturday Review's Weekly Guide to Selected 16mm. Sound Films.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Films have had the good fortune to grow up after the "birds and flowers" style of sex education had departed into well-deserved oblivion. The three films reviewed this week are all notable for their frank and commonsense attitude. It is true that both of the films on human reproduction fail to tackle the subject of Dr. Reich's famous treatise; both have been criticised for "losing it in the middle of a dissolve." But this is only to say that the function of the teacher in sex education is still paramount; he must continue to guide the discussion, but he will find the film an invaluable tool.*

HUMAN GROWTH

Produced by Eddie Albert Productions for the E. C. Brown Trust, University of Oregon Medical School. Obtainable from New York University Film Library, Washington Square, New York, N. Y. In color. (21 mins.)

"Human Growth" is a film intended for the seventh to ninth grades, and may be shown as early as the fifth to sixth grades. It starts with the easily observable facts of human growth from childhood onwards, and then points out that growth does not begin at birth, but that in fact the first nine months of life are among the most important. So the film traces in simple and graphic animation the process of human reproduction and the development of the embryo.

The chief importance of this film, however, lies in the effort it makes to rid its audience of the embarrassment and restraint which often overtake talks on sex education. The prologue and epilogue of the film show an early teen-age mixed audience before and after they have seen the film. Their reactions, and the behavior of their teacher, are so natural and likable that the real audience of the film is bound to go along with them and warm up to the business of asking questions.

An analysis of a large group of parents and teachers in Oregon showed the group as a whole to be 97.2 per cent in favor of a child seeing the film during his school career. Men teachers voted 100 per cent. Ninety-one per cent thought the film should be shown at the beginning of adolescence.

Almost ninety-eight per cent of the group thought that the success of the film depended in large measure on the competence of the person using it, and fifty-four per cent favored separate screenings for boys and girls. (Rather surprisingly, fathers voted sixty-five per cent on this issue, women teachers forty-five per cent.)

As an introductory film, "Human Growth" deserves the widest possible controlled use, and should continue in circulation for many years.

HUMAN REPRODUCTION

Produced by Audio Productions, New York, for McGraw-Hill Publishing Co., Inc. Available from McGraw Hill, 330 West 42nd St., New York, N. Y. (21 mins.)

"Human Reproduction" is intended for use in the freshman year in college, but is also suitable for the final year in high school, and for adult instruction. Like "Human Growth," it starts with a sequence designed to put the audience in a relaxed and receptive frame of mind —this time a very poorly directed and awkwardly acted scene in which a young couple (intended to represent the college student audience a few years on) finds themselves under the fire of questions from their seven-year-old son. But as the film won't be any use to the child for another seven or eight years, while his parents are presumably already in the know, it misses its mark.

However, the gist of the picture is in its long animated sequences, which are excellent. After a description of the sex organs in both men and women, the film deals rather fully with the menstrual cycle and the mechanism of fertilization. It then shows (much more briefly) the growth of the embryo, and ends with a perfunctory sequence on the process of birth.

The animation throughout is exceedingly clear and well paced. (Many animated films are far too rapid.) The commentary avoids the pitfalls of being coyly reticent or medically abstruse. This film must be given very high marks for making so much basic information so lucid and simple.

FEELING ALL RIGHT

Sponsored by the Mississippi State Board of Health and produced by the Southern Educational Film Production Service, University of Georgia, Athens, Ga. Obtainable from S.E.F.P.S. (22 mins.)

Not many of our readers are likely to see this film. Its subject, venereal disease, is highly specialized; its intended audience, the Negro population of the Mississippi delta country. Yet, despite the forbidding subject, this is one of the most delightful Negro films ever made. Completed last month by the director and cameraman who made "The School that Learned to Eat" (*SRL* March 12), it is cast entirely with colored people. Apart from a slight stiffness in the dialogue, the acting is wonderful, and the warmly told story carries the audience right along with it. It is now playing in Negro theatres in Georgia and Mississippi, and its frank and simple appeal is a welcome relief from the histrionics with which producers usually overburden the subject of syphilis.

—RAYMOND SPOTTISWOODE.

For information about the purchase or rental of any films, please write to Film Department, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45th St., New York 19, N. Y.

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the Phoenix Nest

PSYCHE'S TASK

TIME, whose gift of masquerade
Clothes us in a strange disguise;
Present time, with credit paid,
Past time that age, contented, buys;

Future time, rash youth's desire,
Anticipated, never had;
Time, entranced by love's empire
Over days in beauty clad;

Imagination's fragile fruit,
Half-tasted in a waking dream;
A frightened nymph, from hot pursuit,
Escaping, as a virgin stream,

I see you pass, incognito;
While the frail sieve of my mind
Strains off gold from your swift flow
For some unborn child to find.

—MARGUERITE STEVENS FOSTER.

* * *

A little while ago I received a note from Luis Felipe Collado, as follows:

> I'm deeply sorry becuase this letter is going to be a very poor one. My english is almost in the abc. Can you find a place in THE PHOENIX NEST for this poem?

I can, certainly, and herewith do. It is translated from the Spanish by Joseph E. Groveman:

VERSES

A verse always needs words,
and there are verses
so fragile
that they drown in the ink,
and there are some so white
that on paper
they die,
and there are some so invisible
that they play
in the river,
and there are some as pure
as a wing
at rest,
and there are some as sweet
as a heaven
of bees,
and there are some as good
as a branch
in bloom,
and there are some as clear
as the dream
of a scrap of crystal on the grass.

* * *

Today we [Mr. and Mrs. Benét traveling by freighter from East Coast to West] are passing the coast of Baja California, and I am halfway through Lecomte du Noüy's book on human destiny. This morning we saw dolphins near the ship. The trip has sped like a dream. It seems just yesterday that at 5:30 I stepped out on deck with the messmate and watched stars, lights, and a searchlight from under the horizon that betokened the nearing of the harbor of Cristóbal. There were two Russian barkentines in that harbor, flying the red flag; there was also the *Hawaiian Citizen,* and there was the *Marchen Maersk.* When we started through the Canal our chairs were taken up to the flying bridge and we had a wonderful view of the Gatun locks and Gatun Lake. We saw banana and cocoanut trees ashore, but what were those masses of strange red blossom? The messmate had fun taking photographs. Through the long Gaillard Cut the shores were very near. At Pedro Miguel, just before we reached the lock, an attractive young woman waved frantically from the bank. I waved too, thinking that really it was none of my business. But she ran to a man near by, and then back, and then they called out, and the captain discovered they were calling my name. It turned out that they were friends of mine and the messmate's, friends we had never seen, as we merely know the young lady's mother who had told her to be on the lookout for us. She married a West Pointer and he is stationed in the Canal Zone. They had friends with them, too, and a car. The captain handed me his megaphone, but I could think of nothing commensurate to say, and shouted, "We can't stop at Balboa!" The feeling of futility was dreadful. The ship went sailing on! We thought we might possibly see them again at Miraflores, but did not. In the evening when the second pilot was being dropped at sea, it was a subject for an artist, looking down from the bridge. Light and shadow and the blue launch and the gleaming dark skins of the Panamanians, the soiled white drill garments and the fantastic bundles, the rail and the coils of rope and the dark water, with another highlight from the red ember of a cigarette. Then the launch was gone, in a swirl of foam, and we began our fish-hook turn in the Pacific, finally to journey up the Western coast. Next day the captain presented us with a map of our East Coast run, the line of it being drawn by Second Mate Peterson, who also did the lettering of noon positions. Our deck chairs came aft again, and for quite a bit of time Montusa Island and a line of rocky islets were in sight to starboard.

The messmate sustained a slight swelling under the eye from sunburn, which was promptly attributed by the other shipmates to my aggressiveness, an unmitigated misstatement! She was by this time, however, reading Arthur Koestler's "The Gladiators," and this may have had something to do with it! We had boat drill at one o'clock in the afternoon and all hands acquitted themselves creditably. The messmate took pictures, looking rather bulgy in a Mae West. I then retired to the stateroom and read a book sent me by Alfred Noyes, "Timeless," by Prince Nicholas Tchkotoua, to be published by Murray & Gee, Inc., in Culver City, Calif., on April 15. Its background is Georgia, that beautiful country in Southeastern Europe which is actually remarkable for many other things beside Generalissimo Stalin. Byron, as Mr. Noyes reminds us in a foreword, originally suggested to us something of its romance. "Timeless" is a dreamlike story of much charm.

We have seen flying fish; and the messmate swears to a glimpse of Moby Dick among some darker whales. Mr. K. has seen a shark, and up in the bow the messmate and Mr. K. saw a giant turtle. This morning I did see dolphins disporting, but otherwise I seem to have mostly been absent when new fauna were espied. The stars at night, however, have been a majestic spectacle, Orion faithfully marching above us. How grand it is to contemplate the stars! Also the messmate and I stood in the bow and saw nothing but blue ahead of us for miles and miles. Mostly we are aft on the fantail, or to port or starboard of our cabin corridor. The purser has kindly lent us excellent binoculars, which we use constantly. Tomorrow is the last day before we reach Los Angeles, and the trip seems to have passed with undue speed. A word of tribute should be given to Frederick Williams, the chief cook, who has provided us and the crew with wonderful meals. His way of cooking frankfurters is so superior that the messmate secured a recipe from him in his own handwriting, something we shall always treasure. —WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC No. 784

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

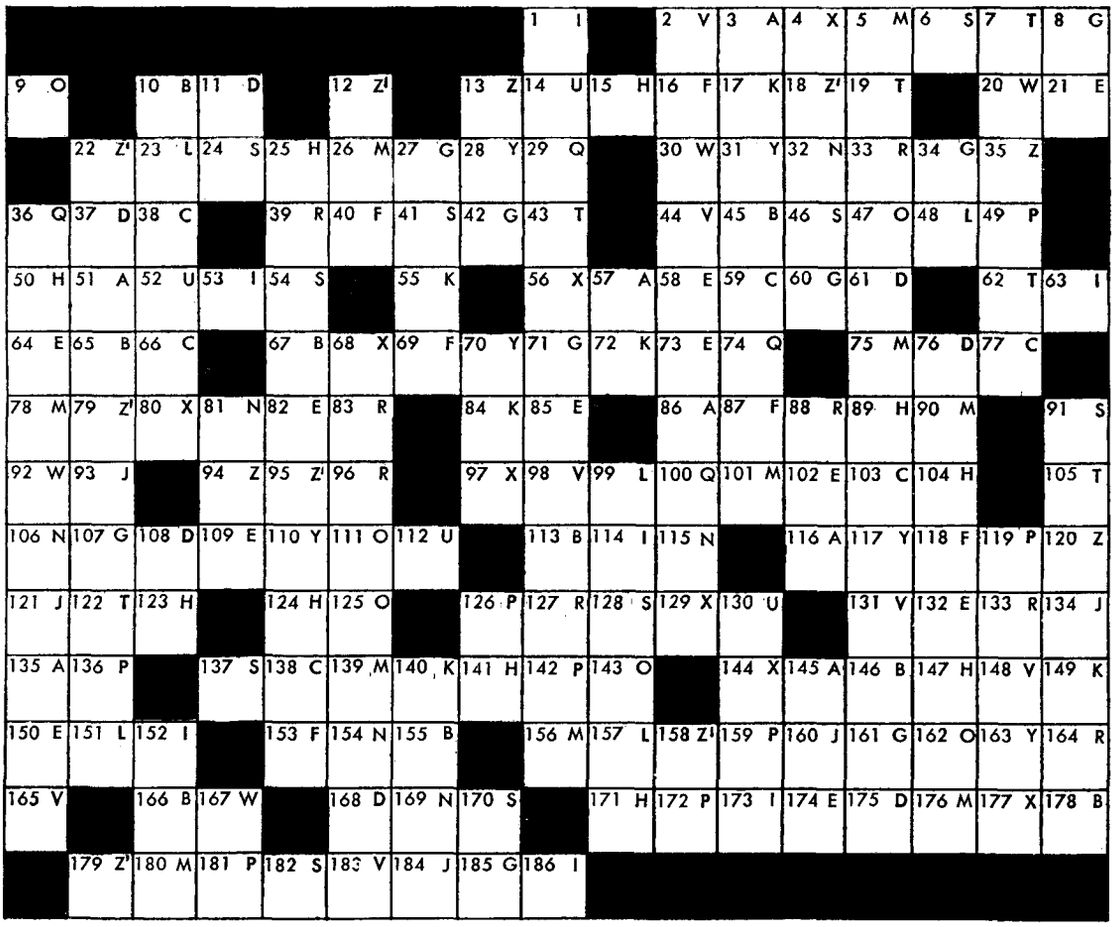
By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. A dainty modern lace made in Malines, Belgium.	51 57 135 86 3 145 116
B. Recipient of Nobel Peace Prize, 1935 (with "von").	166 65 178 10 155 113 146 67 45
C. Set to rights (2 wds.; colloq.).	103 66 38 77 138 59
D. Irish-American Presbyterian whose log-cabin school was the forerunner of Princeton University (1673-1745).	168 108 37 76 61 11 175
E. Emotionally beyond self-control (3 wds.).	64 132 85 58 174 109 73 21 102 150 82
F. Bibliophile and authority on Dr. Samuel Johnson (1863-1940).	69 87 118 153 40 16
G. Physically severe or harsh; as of the weather.	27 71 107 60 8 185 161 42 34
H. A melodious suite by Tchaikovsky, based on a fairy story.	25 15 124 171 89 50 147 141 104 123
I. Simplest of the Japanese Buddhist sects, with the largest following (comp.).	186 114 1 53 152 63 173
J. Short title and hero of an educational novel by Rousseau.	93 121 134 160 184
K. A bird with long legs, webbed feet, upcurved bill (U. S. West and South).	55 149 84 140 72 17
L. A mount and city park, Montreal, Canada.	151 157 99 23 48
M. English inventor of power loom, 1785-87.	156 75 176 90 78 180 139 5 101 26
N. Last stand of the Yorkists in the Wars of the Roses, May 15, 1464.	169 115 106 154 32 81
O. An epithet of Hera in Homer (comp.).	125 162 47 143 111 9
P. Headpiece, usually with bells, worn by jesters.	49 172 181 142 126 119 136 159
Q. To sink down, as by its own weight.	74 100 36 29
R. In reality; certainly (3 wds.).	127 39 88 96 133 33 164 83
S. Whisky, as made in Ireland or Scotland.	128 46 137 24 170 182 91 41 54 6
T. Resembling a certain fabric used for suits and coats.	7 62 105 122 43 19
U. A mount, highest point in Oregon, 11,253 ft.	130 14 52 112
V. Deviation from the common rule.	131 98 148 44 2 183 165
W. Any herb other than grass (West. U. S.).	167 20 92 30
X. Swiftness; speed in action.	80 97 56 4 144 68 129 177
Y. Verily; to be sure.	163 28 70 31 117 110
Z. A rabbit, its skin or fur, esp. the European rabbit.	13 120 94 35
Z.[1] An oval- or egg-shaped jar or vase with handles, for wine, etc. (Gk. antiq.).	12 158 179 22 95 18 79

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



APRIL 2, 1949

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 40 of this issue.

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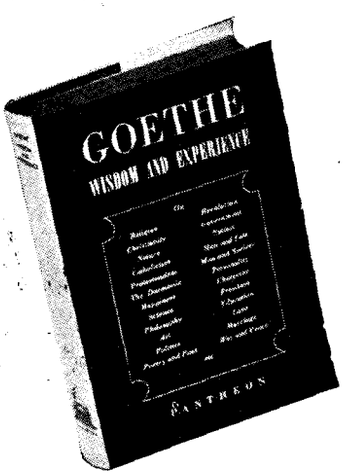
Goethe

1949 is Goethe's Bicentennial year:



Goethe: Wisdom & Experience

Selections from Goethe's Prose Writings
Edited and translated, with an introduction, by Hermann J. Weigand

Goethe the thinker and philosopher is revealed in significant passages dealing with Goethe's views on Religion, Nature, Science, Philosophy, Society, Morals, Art, and Politics, arranged chronologically and according to topic. Taken from Goethe's literary and scientific works, letters, diaries, recorded conversations, all passages are newly translated with careful consideration of their context. Goethe's thought emerges clearly, coherently, and faithfully in a conscientious, brilliant rendering. $3.75

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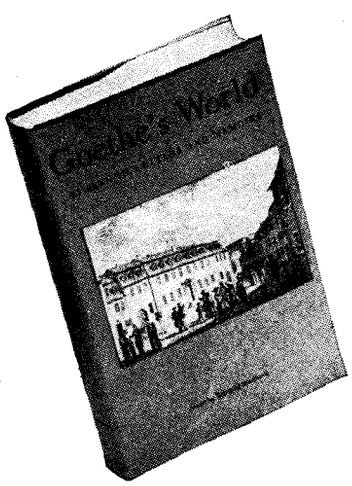

Goethe's World

GOETHE'S WORLD is a compilation of diaries, letters and conversations between Goethe and his friends, and excerpts from his own autobiographical writings. It is a richly illustrated, entertaining and readable volume, designed to give the reader of today an intimate portrait of Goethe the man and the social and intellectual climate in which he lived. *Edited by Berthold Biermann,* $5.00

A NEW DIRECTIONS BOOK

New Directions is also the publisher of the most readable modern English version of Goethe's *Faust*—the MacIntyre translation, with Rockwell Kent illustrations and the German text included ($3.50)—and of D. J. Enright's *Commentary on Faust,* a scene-by-scene analysis of the great classic (*Ready in May,* $1.50). It will bring out a new edition of *Conversations With Eckermann* next winter.

PANTHEON *333 Sixth Ave., N. Y.* **NEW DIRECTIONS**

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